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FOREIGN AIDS TO SELF-INTELLIGENCE,
DESIGNED FOR AN
HISTORICAL INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF ONTOLOGICAL
SCIENCE,
PREPARATORY TO A CRITIQUE OF PURE BEING.

CHAPTER V.

THE STATE OF RELIGION ALL OVER THE WORLD.

SWEDENBORG committed a great error in projecting a new revelation on an *à posteriori* basis. But in this capital blunder he stands not alone—it is the general mistake of the Protestant Church, and seriously affects, as we shall proceed to show, its missionary character. It marks, indeed, all churches, whatever their denomination, more or less; and testifies to the spiritual absence of the power, notwithstanding the material presence of the form, of godliness. Wo! that these things should be after this fashion! They are, however, only for a time, and indicate but a passing stage in the progress of human development.

Miss Edgeworth, in her tale of *Murad the Unlucky*, puts into the mouth of Saladin the Prudent, a truth of great importance. "We have each acted," says he, of his brother and himself, "through life, in consequence of our different beliefs. To this I attribute my success and his misfortunes."

This is not the only instance in support of the thesis—that speculative opinions are not of indifferent effects. It is as much of the nature of faith as of reason to be practical as well as speculative. The speculative itself, indeed, will become the practical, if held in sincerity—for, in fact, the sincerity of the persuasion makes it practical at once.

These reflections have been forced upon our serious moments by what has appeared to us for some time the remarkable state and condition in which Religion now presents itself to the meditative observer,

not only at home but abroad, not only in this or that particular spot, but every where. It was only the other day that Professor E. F. Höpfner, of Leipzig, published a dissertation to show that the opposition to the Gospel in these times is far greater than it was at the period of the Reformation. This conclusion he supports on these grounds:—Firstly, That Luther found in the minds of men generally a belief in the Scriptures as the Word of God, a foundation on which he could stand and enjoy firm footing; but this is now wanting;—Secondly, That Luther had, indeed, many and gross errors to contend against, but not what the professor terms a *POLITE CHRISTIANITY*—a *pseudo* Religion!!—worse than the worst Irreligion!!!—and, thirdly, That Luther had, indeed, many and mighty enemies to encounter; but not the poison of circulating libraries, newspapers, and periodical writings of all sorts!!!!

This is the experience of a German writer in regard to his own country—a country where religious liberty from creeds and articles of all kinds permits something more than a frigid adherence to rules without the risk of singularity. The limits, however, neglected to be prescribed by the Churches of Germany, society has made for itself. It has confined the spirit of faith within the bounds of politeness. This is the result of one extreme.

We are, as is well known, sincere friends to the church establishment of this country, and firm believers in its articles. For her clergy also we have great esteem—nay, reverence, as men of erudition and piety. There is, however, even in this admirable institution, some apparent enough effects not altogether beneficial, and yet proceeding as consequential from its very excellences and peculiar merits. An undue preponderance may be given to learning, and it is at least questionable whether, at some times, and in some places, it has not been conceded. The Gospel was originally preached among the poor by unlearned men—it has been so preached by such in recent times—there are many such yet capable of preaching it. Now, from many and obvious considerations it is clear that there are periods when unlearned *enthusiasts* are the fittest persons for preaching it among the lower classes. Would it not be felt derogatory to the establishment, if the employment of these for the specific purpose were proposed? Yet will the learned of the Church go out upon the forlorn hope? No reasonable man, experienced in the history of the world, or merely observing the passing events of his own brief day of existence, would suppose it for a moment. Our Fathers, nevertheless, preached in the open air, and at public crosses, sent on such duty by the episcopacy of the time. Certain fastidious notions would now restrain similar home missions in proceeding from the Church. Our clergy are too respectable to venture on such errands. *POLITE CHRISTIANITY* demands no such toils—eschews such dirty work. Its ministers are *professional* men, and gentlemen, whose social commerce is with individuals in their own rank of life—they are not Labourers in the vineyard, but the Proprietors of it. That this is the fact, we confess with tears of contrition. But what is the remedy?

It has been gravely recommended, by an eloquent writer, that the predicated office should be made respectable. Let a bishop, he says,

let a bishop himself dignify it by his example. What the effects of such condescension might be is scarcely calculable—doubtless, they would be marvellously manifold. Is such condescension too great for such dignified persons? The Son of God emptied himself of Heaven's glory, and became a servant for their salvation, and for that of those whom they are ordained to save. All this is confessedly the language of enthusiasm, and good reasons may exist against either bishop or presbyter descending to such extraordinary service. Might they not, however, choose among the members of the establishment those who are willing? It has been urged that the appointment would *create*, as well as diffuse, light and heat among the body of the Church, which is now too much confined to the head, and introduce a fellowship and communion of saints which is now nowhere even named, save in the creeds repeated by the lips indeed, but felt not in the heart. Come what come may, to the poor must the gospel be preached.

Some arrangement for this purpose Bishop Philpotts plainly perceives is necessary in many parts of the diocese of Exeter. "There is indeed," he says, in his excellent charge delivered to his clergy a few years ago,—“one class of cases which none of the expedients proposed in the former sections of this charge would reach, but which demand especial attention. I mean the cases of parishes in large towns, without a titheable rural district annexed to them; and of parishes in which Mines or Manufactories have raised a population beyond the power of any parochial pastor adequately to attend to. In Cornwall there are many instances of a large population of miners without the means of supporting a clergyman. For cases such as these, the ancient law, giving a right to tithe of labour and of personal profits, would have provided. Before the Reformation, indeed, a large population of parishioners was in itself a security to the minister for an ample maintenance; and this not merely by reason of personal tithes, but also on account of the payments made for prayers and masses for the dead, and for other services, which a priesthood possessed of the powers ascribed to it in the Roman Catholic Church was supposed to render. In that Church, to refuse to contribute to the maintenance of the parochial minister is held to be a mortal sin—as much so as to violate any commandment of the Decalogue. The effect of these combined causes is evinced most strikingly at this day in Ireland, where, in the midst of all the squalid poverty of the people, the priests enjoy a competence, and in many instances almost an affluence, at the expense of that very people. But in the Church of England, there being no charge on the people on account of religion, except for church-rates, (for the clergy are maintained by their own property,) in places where there is no such property, or very little, as is commonly the case in towns, the disinterested spirit of the Reformed Church, in relinquishing personal tithes, has left to the incumbent of many most laborious cures no means of adequate maintenance. These, therefore, may, in an especial manner, be deemed fit objects for assistance from some general fund, which ought in some way to be provided. But there is one resource to which we, especially in the case of Mines, (with which alone we (*i. e.* the Clergy of Exeter) are much concerned), may, I trust, always look—I mean the liberality of those

who profit by the adventure. That liberality, I have pleasure in thankfully making the acknowledgment, has in some instances in this diocese been voluntarily and most promptly exerted; and it would not, I am persuaded, be withholden in many others, if application were made in due time, and in a judicious manner. If not a permanent endowment, which, in cases of temporary and sometimes brief demand, ought not, perhaps, to be asked or looked for, yet annual subscriptions towards the maintenance of a minister to attend to the spiritual wants of the Miners, may, I can hardly permit myself to doubt, be almost always obtained from their employers; and to meet the exigencies of such cases, you will never find me unwilling to afford any facility in my power, consistent with a due regard to discipline and order, especially by licensing temporary places of divine worship, where it would be hopeless to look for the means of erecting churches, and permanently endowing them."

This plainly expressed willingness to make provision for the needs of time and place, is highly honourable to the eloquent prelate. Equally honourable is the manner in which he courageously tells the clergy of their faults. Improper practices, he states, have crept into the Church. Glad are we that he has determined, for his part, to root them out. Let the voice of authority be properly heard in the Church; and every instance of individual defection properly controlled, and the Mother of Souls is safe against all her enemies.

But it is not the safety only of the Church that is to be cared for—it is desirable that the borders of Apostolical Religion should be extended. It is desirable that the split made by the Methodists should be healed up, and many true friends of the Establishment have been fervent in urging reconciliation. Of these the Bishop of Exeter has not been the least able. The great mass of Dissenters in his diocese generally, and especially in the western part, are (we speak on his authority,) Methodists—and of these the far greater portion are Wesleyans, a class of Christians whom the prelate states that he grieves to call separatists—for separatists, he is bound to say, is but another word for Schismatics—however those to whom it applies may think of it, and however we may, and ought in charity, to hope that the guilt of wilful schism belongs but to few of them. Be that as it may, says Dr. Philpotts, "Dissenters they scarcely are. They agree with us almost entirely in doctrine—certainly in all which the most rigidly orthodox among us would deem essential parts of the Christian covenant, and they differ from us in no doctrine which the articles of our Church condemn. Would to God that the narrow partition which divides them from us could be broken down!—that now, when the impugnors of our common faith, the enemies of our common Zion, are assailing us—(ay, and not only us, but Christianity itself)—with a bitterness and rancour unknown in other times, and are unhappily animated in their unhallowed warfare with hopes which they never before dared to breathe,—no, nor to entertain,—within this Christian land,—would to God, that now all who look for salvation solely to the cross of our Divine Redeemer, would unite in one holy bond of fellowship, and be on earth, as we trust they will be in heaven, 'one fold under one shepherd, Jesus Christ our Lord.' Our

separated brethren of every denomination (and all, be it remembered, are our brethren in Christ who hold what is essential in the Christian covenant)—our separated brethren may be assured that no idle punctilio would be allowed by us to stand in the way of that blessed result—that no vain scruple would be insisted upon—nothing which they themselves would not see to be a grave, even if they could not admit it to be a sound, objection. In truth, they know already that the wall of partition, as it was not built, so neither is it upheld, by us. They know, ay, and acknowledge, that the Church imposes no terms of communion which they themselves will dare to call sinful. The more therefore doth it behove them (I say it not to reproach, but earnestly and affectionately to admonish them,) to ponder well the reasons which keep them separate—to be sure that those reasons are such as will justify the separation, not to their own judgement only, but also at the judgement-seat of Him who is not the author of confusion, but of peace, as in all the churches of the saints. Meanwhile, let us on both sides remember that it is not for us to judge: if we are to be separated in worship, let us not be separated in feeling and affection. Let each be ready to say to the other, ‘For our brethren and companions’ sake we will wish prosperity—yea, because of the House of the Lord our God we will seek to do thee good.’”

Amiable sentiments! and excellent the purpose which they are designed to subserve. But whatever effect the union proposed may have in restoring respect to unlearned Christianity, there is, however, on the other hand, another evil to be obviated—and one which abounded at the origin of Methodism, and, in fact, marked and promoted its progress. We mean erroneous notions of Inspiration: these notions it is especially needful to guard against in the present day, when they have intruded into the very sanctuary of the Church itself. These mistaken dogmas are entertained, not by weak enthusiasts only, but by the strong. Not content with the Scriptural doctrine that only by the inspiration of God cometh understanding; some are found seeking for an inspiration independent of that and every other faculty of the divinely-imbreathed mind. Nothing but the mechanical image of a conduit-pipe Inspiration will go down with these people; and their leader, once one of the most eloquent and always one of the most zealous of men—a man not of talent only, but of creative genius—was found willing to stake his well-earned reputation on this erroneous—this chimerical dogma. And why? Because, forsooth, he found in the *historical* records of the Church of Corinth that inspiration was manifested in similar forms of unknown tongues and prophesying. Taking it for granted that this statement is correct; that Truth first presented to the corrupt nature of a depraved people, had to overcome its opposition with such violence as gives rise to turbulent impatience and hysterical expression, such as attends extreme Passion by whatever cause excited;—is it feasible, when Truth has become familiar to a community, that its voice should be *best* heard in such convulsive agony? If, indeed, the persons so excited should be found among the ignorant whom Truth had never before reached, they may be readily excused, as some of Wesley’s followers are by Southey, their excesses, for the sake of the accom-

panying repentance, and its resulting fruits. Still the "small still voice" is better than the earthquake and the fire and the storm—since *God is more surely in that than in these.*

It is deserving of remark, moreover, that these pretensions, too, have been coincident with the revival of the Eutychian Controversy—we say not, heresy. The dominant party in the Presbyterian Church of Scotland seem to hold the opinion of Eutyches, and to determine on expelling whoever should maintain the creed of Leo. Mr. Stebbing, in his glowing, elegant, and pious history of the Church, rightly observes, that "few things tend more to give us an unfavourable idea of the state of the Church at the period alluded to than the history of the Eutychian Controversy." The decision of the Church, on that occasion, should be frequently reperused by those who take part in this perplexed question. Leo, in a letter to Flavian, expounded the doctrine of the Church, and it was determined by the Council which formally judged and deposed the Bishop of Alexandria, that Leo's epistle, with those of Cyril, should be added to the Creeds of Nice and Ephesus, "as expositions of the mystery, which yet they leave unexplained, of the hypostatic union. In summing up their decisions, therefore, in respect to doctrine, the Synod declared its belief to be that Jesus Christ was perfect both in his divinity and in his humanity; that he was consubstantial with the Father, according to the divinity; consubstantial with us, and in all things like us, except sin, according to the humanity; that he was eternally begotten of the Father, according to the divinity; and in the last times, born of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, according to the humanity, for us, and for our salvation; that he was one and the same Jesus Christ, the only begotten Son, *Lord in two natures*, without confusion, without change, without division, without separation, without the difference in *two natures* being destroyed by the union: that, on the contrary, the proper *nature of each* was preserved and combined in one single Person, as in one single hypostasis, so that he was not divided into two persons, but was one and the same only-begotten Son, God the Word, our Lord Jesus Christ."

Such was the decision of the Church of old, when it rejoiced in its Catholicity. May we, however, suggest an opinion, that the root of the Controversy lay in the equivocal use of the word, Nature—against which we, in company with Sir Robert Boyle, have elsewhere more than once protested. In this matter—we mean, as regards the use of this word Nature—we think Eutyches wiser than his opponents. "God forbid, that I should say that Jesus Christ is made up of two natures, or that I should *give the Godhead the NAME of a NATURE.*" We recommend this point to the consideration of the Presbyterians of Scotland, since they at last declared themselves to be followers of Eutyches. In other respects—it may be serviceable for doctrine, if not for reproof,—more especially, since no less an authority than Coleridge has declared that all "right apprehensions of theology depend upon our mastering the meaning of the term *Nature.*" Let it be boldly said, once for all—God is not Nature, nor a Nature—neither is Nature, or a Nature, God!

It has always been matter of rejoicing to us that, in this contro-

versy, the voice of authority in the Church of England was wisely silent. When shall it be well understood by Christians that Christianity is not a system of speculative belief, but of practical charity? Love has been too long postponed to the differences of faith, as regards opinion. These differences are scholastic merely—with Religion they have nothing, never had any thing, to do. What Constantine said at the Council of Nice applies to all such dialectics, when they lead to dissension. They are beside the mark—they belong to the Academy, and not to the Sanctuary.

"Well will my prayers be fulfilled," said the Imperial President, "when I see you of one mind, agreed in sentiment and affection, and exhibiting *the concord which*, as the ministers of God, *you are bound to preach to others*. Hasten, then, beloved, as good servants and ministers of our common Lord and Saviour, to remove from among you the cause of your present dissensions, so that, *by the laws of peace, you may break asunder the bond of contention*; BY DOING WHICH, YOU WILL RENDER AN ACCEPTABLE HOMAGE TO THE ALMIGHTY, and bestow a most excellent favour on me, your fellow servant."

Nor should the words of the venerable old man, who had been a confessor, and who reproved the rhetoricians and philosophers of the Synod, be disregarded. "Christ and his Apostles," said the simple-minded Christian to the disputatious sophists—"did not teach us the art of logic, nor an empty cunningness, but a naked wisdom, to be kept by faith and good works." Let the Church be raised on this foundation, and it need fear no reforming Ministry, if such a martyr should ever rise again.

Such then is the present religious aspect of the Churches of England and Scotland; and it goes far to prove the emphatic sentence of Southey—that "the world has never yet seen a nation of Christians." We are not yet a nation of Christians, and shall not be until we are a nation of brethren. Such agents in the moral world, therefore, as Wesley, have been, and are necessary. "It was the hope of Wesley," says his biographer, "to give a new impulse to the Church of England, to awaken its dormant zeal, infuse life into a body where nothing but life was wanting, and lead the way to the performance of duties which the State had blindly overlooked, and the Church had scandalously neglected: thus would he become the author of a second Reformation, whereby all that had been left undone in the former would be completed." A glorious consummation devoutly to be wished! Before the division of the Saxon Churches into parishes, the clergy resided in episcopal monasteries, under the superintendence of the bishops as they had been brought up; they were sent from thence to instruct the country people, and administer the offices of religion in the few churches which existed, or where there was no church, at a cross in the open air; when they had executed their commission they returned, and others went out to perform the same course of duty. This system of itinerancy provided for the preaching to the poor; and Southey expresses fear lest the building of churches and priestly residences and parochial domains may not have materially contributed to that decay of knowledge and dissoluteness of life which afterwards ensued among the Saxon clergy. From this

state our Church was redeemed by the Norman Conquest bringing her into closer connection with Rome—"for the Light of the World was there—dim indeed and offuscated, untrimmed and wavering in the socket, but living and burning still." The dimness at length increased—there was a horror of great darkness—but the candlestick was not without its Angel—and a Reformation came with much of good—and much of evil too. The voice of instruction was for some time almost silent in the Church of England, and long it was before Protestantism possessed a clergy worthy of the name—long before Reformed Religion took root in the hearts of the people. "The lower classes," says the historian, "were for the most part as ignorant of the essentials of religion as they had been in the days of popery, and they had none of that attachment to its forms, in which the strength of popery consists." Meantime, fanaticism (as it always does under such circumstances, and only under such,) increased on the one hand, and on the other piety decayed. Political discontent added to the danger of the time, and rebellion and regicide overthrew at length both the altar and the throne. Then came the Restoration—but not of Religion. The dominion of knaves and fanatics had made her odious, and not to be distinguished from hypocrisy; and, during the suspension of her influence, licentiousness and atheism had the mad world for their ship of fools, and sailed through space pilotless and helmless in the infinite deep—a reckless crew. The sectarian ministry that had supplanted the regular clergy, on the change of tide, were for the most part willing to conform to the liturgy they had aforetime proscribed, rather than resign their benefices. Nearly seven thousand of the clergy had been sequestered;—only two thousand of the nonconforming ministry were expelled in consequence of the Act of Uniformity. A sectarian spirit was therefore both in the Church to betray, and without to attack it. Neither was the new supply of clergy from time to time of the best sort. The sons of the gentry, apt or inapt, were settled on family livings, and the Church was entered from motives suggested by convenience and worldly circumstances. God of our Fathers! surely thou wert mindful to preserve our Mother! or she must have died at the hand of thieves, among whom she had fallen. Such was the necessity then that existed for a Wesley at his appearance. For the accomplishment of wise ends was he raised up, and their accomplishment proved the matter to be of God.

Many of the effects, however, of the causes then operating yet remain, and have in turn become occasions of other results. As matters as yet stand, the opposition between the Church and Dissent has not been healed by this interposition; only the Church itself has been divided, although the two parts into which it has been split, are now equally vigorous; nay, perhaps it may be said, that the part once the most sluggish is now the more diligent. Thus with the evil a good has blended—still the condition is a mixed one; and it were well if one of its elements were abated, and as far as may be, extinguished. The scepticism which had crossed the Channel, in Wesley's time, abides among us now, and has its temples and bazaars. The progress of this evil, on its first introduction, was accelerated, as Mr. Southey justly observes, unintentionally indeed, but not less effectually, by a

philosophy of home growth, the shallowest that ever imposed upon the human understanding. This philosophy yet continues dominant in general estimation, in an age of sciolism and boy-criticism. What the Schools of Dissent also became at the period alluded to, they yet continue—Schools of Unbelief. It is with great pain that these things must be said, by whoso would speak truly. But shall Truth succumb before the so called Spirit of the Age, the influence of that sometime “French* wisdom, which has never more than grazed the surfaces of knowledge,” and yet has been permitted to “gradually tamper with the taste and literature of all the most civilized nations of Christendom, seducing the understanding from its natural allegiance, and therewith from all its own lawful claims, titles and privileges?”

But the wisdom of France might well find congenial soil here—since that boasted and boastful wisdom was but the reflection of the philosophy of home-growth which we have condemned for its want of depth and earnestness. Voltaire, D’Alembert, Diderot, followed in the wake of Locke—to the French intellectualists must be conceded the merit of having worked out his system of the human understanding to its last results: nor need those results have been evil, had not the understanding, which was thus analyzed, been exalted into the usurpation of the name and prerogatives of Reason. This once effected, not only was the consequence bad, but there was no limit, either actual or possible, to the mischief. To use the strong language of *The Lay Sermons*, the understanding of man became “the pander and the prostitute of sensuality; and whether in the cabinet, laboratory, the dissecting-room, or the brothel, alike busy in the schemes of vice and irreligion.”

Everywhere we find proofs of this position; but nowhere more triumphantly than in the so called science of modern political economy. Food and clothing—produce them by all means; but in their production, care nothing for the moral or physical health of those who, with the rest of the community, are to be clothed and fed: and as the producers have at least an equal right with the consumers—nay, care not for the creation of consumers themselves—only produce food and clothing. The more the merrier of both; and the fewer the feasters at nature’s table and the clothers for her feast,—the more for each of the favoured guests. So that we have two coats apiece, what need we care who is without one? Of a kind with this was the ethical philosophy of the time, and not yet extinct. “It recognized no duties which it could not reduce into debtor and creditor accounts on the ledgers of self-love, where no coin was sterling which could not be rendered into *agreeable sensations*.” Yet these principles now are those adopted by our rulers—these are now the laws by which the poor are coerced. Charity is now at a discount among governors; no longer recognized by the law, it will die from the hearts of the people. Our institutions, no longer founded and edified in love, are at the mercy of selfish calculation. And the governed will no longer respect either the one or the other than they serve for individual profit, and this without reference to the good of the whole, which

* A broad distinction must be drawn between the French philosophy of Voltaire and that of Cousin—they are the antipodes of each other.

might, in some, if not in all cases, make self-denial, however hard, expedient. Society, thus reduced to independent elements, finds no support in the co-operation of its members, and with the corporate bodies—the great corporate body itself hastens to dissolution, unless the seasonable apprehension of some Gorgon terror occasion a reaction—a timely retreat from the deadly gulf back into the land of life again.

Already the instinct of fear has shown itself—the coming on of death has been apprehended, and endeavours have been made to avert the approaching fate. The dissolving or dissolved elements, it is desired to reconstruct, that so by their union, life, as it were a result of re-organization, may be renewed. One of the most remarkable productions of this sort is the work of the Abbé de la Mennais—*Les Paroles d'un Croyant*. High in favour with the Holy See, the Abbé contrived to give offence to the Pope, and afterwards to effect his reconciliation—somewhat short-lived, however;—for the publication of *these words of a believer* opened again the breach which had been but newly closed. A new revelation, though coming from a man of the ability of the Abbé de la Mennais, was the Koran of Mahomet to the successor of St. Peter. The design of this doubtful gospel, according to La Mennais, is to reconstruct society on democratic principles. Away with kings—soldiers and priests are worse than useless—money-makers, capitalists, large proprietors of labour, land-owners, are great nuisances—equality, unity, and co-operation are the Trinity only worthy of adoration. To enforce these views, an obsolete and Oriental style is affected, that all the world may take note that the Abbé proposes a new Bible for human belief. Parables and proverbs—signs and symbols—types and images—are put in requisition, whether for doctrine or reproof—and both for admonition and instruction. Neither is prophecy omitted.

“The confused murmur,” he exclaims, “the confused murmur and internal movements of startled nations are the precursors of the tempest that will sweep over the trembling nations.

“Hold yourself ready, for the time is at hand.

“And in that day there shall be great terrors, and cries such as have not been heard since the days of the deluge.

“The kings shall be cast down from their thrones; and with both hands shall they seek to retain their crowns that the wind carries away, but they shall all be swept away with them.

“The rich and the great shall go out naked from their palaces, for fear of being buried beneath their ruins.”

Clear enough it is, that whatever truth may have been revealed to La Mennais, one, and that no small one, has been hidden from his eyes. He sees not that there is something aristocratic and royal in the human heart, as attributes of its constitution, and that to enshrine these the institutions of lordship and kingship were originated. But, perhaps, he will reply, that the things and persons invested with such characters are but hollow puppets now, and that he would remove them to give place to the realities which they shut out. Ah, Abbé! this cannot be done without making war against the ideas of the orders themselves, and in this act of iconoclasm, not the idol only, but the faith of the worshipper, is destroyed; and the fool saith safely in his heart, “There is

no God." If the vessel be broken, what it contained is spilt; and who knows whether the liquid can be gathered up again to be inclosed in another? More likely is it, that it shall sink into the dust and saturate the earth, than that it can be regained: part of it, at all events, must be lost; and what is saved is but muddy water, unfit for use. Nay, new fountains must be opened, or the new pitcher must be carried to the spring, if the clean and wholesome lymph is to be acceptably committed even to thirsting lips.

It is not, however, the learned Abbé's fault that the splendid vases of the temple and the palace are broken. They were broken by other hands; he has found them damaged, so as to be unfit for containing aught. The destroyers had been within the sacred inclosures; and he but obeys the instinct of many thinking minds in the present day, to attempt the construction of a science of affirmation in politics and religion, in place of that soul-withering denial which Goethe has so finely embodied in the character of Mephistopheles. Small way has hitherto been made in this endeavour, and this the Abbé is ready to acknowledge, in his own oracular style, and by way of warning against the false patriotism which proposes a spurious freedom for acceptance, or a document purporting to convey the gift, but of no validity: *e. g.*—

"Be not deceived by idle words. Many will seek to persuade you that you are really free, when they shall have written on a sheet of paper the word 'Liberty,' and shall have pasted it up in the streets.

"But liberty is not a placard to be read at the corner of streets. It is a living power felt within us and around us; the protecting genius of the domestic hearth; the safeguard of our social rights, and the first of these rights.

"The oppressor who clothes himself with this name is the worst of oppressors. He joins falsehood to tyranny, injustice to profanation; for the name of liberty is holy.

"Guard against those men who say 'Liberty, liberty!' and destroy it by their works."

All these attempts, futile as they are, (the Abbé's among the number,) nevertheless, testify to the great truth, that faith is a divine appetite in man which craves nourishment—a necessity which will seek to be satisfied. It is a sacred hunger, a holy thirst. Rightly, therefore, the Abbé admonishes the man who says, even in his integrity, "I believe not." He "deceiveth himself; for there is in the depth of his soul a root of faith that withers not."

But is not this seeking for some new thing to believe, a proof that the old is no longer in credit? To this conclusion we are led not only by such works as the one from which we have quoted; but by the state of literature in general, and in particular by that of the French stage, and the poetry of our times. Look at the sacred poetry with which our libraries are crowded. The details of Scripture history are made matter for fancy: that deep reverence which would keep such records intact by additions is no more. Above all, look at the vile absurdities mixed up with the most sacred recollections in *Le Juif Errant*. Would an audience that believed thoroughly in the Gospels, as the words of inspiration—as the writings from the hands of power—would they have patiently endured a scenic representation of the events

of the crucifixion? Would they have endured the character of Barabbas, surcharged with ribaldry, and uttered on so solemn an occasion? This is tragi-comedy with a vengeance!

In alluding to this drama, we have no purpose of following in the wake of the *Times* newspaper, and of holding up the design of the writer to contempt or abhorrence. On the contrary, we are quite sure, from internal evidence, that his end was good. He wanted to shadow forth a certain mythos in a new version of the Wandering Jew, and to serve what he deemed the cause of religion by his production. But in the very conception of such a task, and apart from the mixture of what the poor playwright mistook to be wit in the contexture of his *drame fantastique*, there is a want of veneration for the sacred books, only possible, in a national point of view, upon the supposition that the appropriate faculty of Faith had abandoned them for other pastures, if to be found. Had it left them to be preyed upon by such lower powers of the mind as can bear to contemplate Truth through the medium of fiction, and to be placed on one and the same level with a vulgar tradition, or any product of the fancy? By these the scanty materials of Holy Writ might be eked out in the elaboration of a specific symbolical design, for the communication of some idea, which it was to the interest of a popular writer to conclude in need, by such methods, of expression and embodiment.

Set free, not only from the dogmas of particular churches, but from implicit trust in the written documents to which those dogmas were referable, every man proceeds to erect a creed for himself—every one will be the founder of a new faith. The disposition of unbelief was the natural consequence of those systems which call upon every man to form his own judgement upon points of faith, without respect to the authority of other ages, or of wiser minds, without reference to his own ignorance or his own incapacity; which leave humility out of the essentials of the Christian character. From the same sources also proceed subsequent efforts at belief—efforts directed to the edification of certain superstructures of rationality, but which are, in fact, built upon the shifting sands of vanity and self-conceit. It is true that the Reformation had set the nations at large from spiritual bondage, and idolatry, and superstition—that it had emancipated the soul. It is also true that Reason is a perpetual revelation. But it was not reason what the revolutionary frenzy so termed, any more than it was liberty which it established. Neither yet know they what reason is—nor love they true liberty. The usurpation of the understanding is yet permitted, and her products dignified with the epithet of rational both by friends and foes.

It is well, however, to call things by their proper names; and the harlot whom the madmen of France worshipped was not Reason, but Intellect. Originating in the commercial spirit and in the experimental philosophy, the ascendant influence of the mere Understanding, as distinguished from the moral power, has proceeded ever since the fourteenth century to make discoveries in its own appropriate field, to the sensualizing of science, and the animalizing of human character. In chemistry it is supposed to have obtained its greatest triumphs. Here, however, it must not be permitted to boast too much. The

departed sage, whose decease all the world has combined in lamenting, stated himself as greatly deceived, if in the chemical art the products of destruction, *cadavera rerum*, had not, from the very beginning, been mistaken for the elements of composition. "Most assuredly," he continues, "it has dearly purchased a few brilliant inventions at the loss of all communion with life and the spirit of nature. As the process, such the result! a heartless frivolity alternating with a sentimentality as heartless—an ignorant contempt of antiquity—a neglect of moral self-discipline—a deadening of the religious senses, even in the least reflecting forms of natural piety—a scornful reprobation of all consolations and secret refreshings from above—and, as the *caput mortuum* of human nature evaporated, a French nature of rapacity, levity, ferocity and presumption."

But the greatest evil which has resulted from this substitution of one faculty to the name and rights of the other, is yet to be mentioned. From the suspicion thus cast on the exercise of reason, religious persons have shrunk from seeking or giving a reason for the faith which is in them—a neglect of an apostolic precept fraught with consummate misfortune. Nay, not only have they themselves neglected the duty which they ought to have fulfilled, but they have cast discouragement on the more valiant spirits who were desirous of vindicating the authority of Reason. They have held Reason and Revelation as irreconcilable, instead of being, as they are, consistent powers, if not one and the same. The consequence of this has been, that they have declared themselves inimical to every thing in the shape of philosophy. What wonder, then, that Philosophy has accepted them as her foes, and attacked them in all places, whether high or low, as an adversary whose very life depended on their destruction? The sincere advocates of one and the same truth have thus often come into the condition of opponents, much to the gratification of the common enemy of both.

It is a pity that well-meaning men should be so put into a false position. At the same time there cannot be a doubt with whom victory must ultimately remain. Great is wisdom, and will prevail. And it is fit it should be, and do so.

Much of what is alarming in the aspect and present state of religion is ascribable to this state of things. It is a struggle on the part of the philosophical spirit to throw off the burthen of obloquy and error under which it has been oppressed, and to evince its superiority over the persons and things—the sects and the parties—by which it is opposed. It is its voice calling upon all such to come out of the darkness, and to find safety in the light. By this means only can the necessary expansion and security of the true faith be effected.

Meantime, it is a melancholy fact, that, owing to the adverse circumstances, on which we have not too severely animadverted, Christianity has not spread and prevailed so far as it might and ought to have done, considering its admirable adaptation to the character and circumstances of the whole human race. Of the eight hundred and odd millions of human beings now inhabiting the globe, only two hundred and about forty millions are professors of Christianity. Two millions and a half are Jews—one hundred and fifteen millions Mohammedans—

the disciples of Zoroaster and Confucius are ten millions—while nearly five hundred millions are composed of Polytheists, such as Laimites, Brahminists, Buddhists and Fetish worshippers! Of these, the one hundred and fifteen millions of Mohammedans are lost from the ranks of Christianity—that is, might have been now numbered among Christians, but for the faults of Christians. There is no charm in the mere name of Christianity, if the spirit be lost; the divine influence will seek another by which to manifest itself, as it did on the historical occasion to which allusion is now made. Here imposture will not account for the origin and spread of the religion of the Prophet. Mahomet was the Wesley of his time and country—he was an instrument in the hands of Providence to root out error and establish truth. The poet, in the following hexameters, has expressed both the historic and philosophical fact.

“Utter the song, O my soul! the flight and return of Mohammed!
 Prophet and priest, who scattered abroad both evil and blessing,
 Huge wasteful empires founded and hallowed slow persecution,
 Soul-withering, but crushed the blasphemous rites of the Pagan
 And idolatrous Christians. For veiling the Gospel of Jesus,
 They, the best corrupting, had made it worse than the vilest.
 Wherefore Heaven decreed the enthusiast warrior of Mecca,
 Choosing good from iniquity rather than evil from goodness.

Loud the tumult in Mecca surrounding the fane of the idol;—
 Naked and prostrate the priesthood were laid—the people with mad
 shouts

Thundering now, and now with saddest ululation
 Flew, as over the channel of rock-stone the ruinous river
 Shatters its waters abreast, and in mazy uproar bewildered,
 Rushes, dividuous all—all rushing impetuous onward.”

On this account, and by such means, was (so called) Christianity, exterminated in Arabia, Syria, Persia, Palestine, Egypt, and the whole north of Africa. Nay—Spain itself was subjugated by the Arab arms; even France, Italy, Helvetia were menaced, till Charles, surnamed Martel, set bounds in the battle of Tours to their victorious career. The valour or the good fortune only of Charles saved France and Germany from the Caliphat and Koran. What has been once may be again. If the mere name of Christianity will not save, it becomes the more important to consider its state in those places where it yet is professed,—more especially, as the fact is undeniable, that the times are times of peril—“the world and the men of the world are troubled and trembling on every side.” Is there then a substance corresponding with the same? or is all false and hollow? These are important questions.

Europe is (with the exception of a number comparatively small,) nominally Christian. Attempts have been made to convert the roving tribes within the polar circle—but like such, and mountaineers in general, they are firmly attached to ancient usages and opinions. Endeavours of the kind were made with the Fin-Laplanders fruitlessly at an early period by Norway and Sweden; and when the Lap-

marks were annexed to the Swedish crown, the government forced the inhabitants in several places to be married by priests, to bring their children to be baptized, and to kneel before crucifixes. King Gustavus I., Charles IX., and Gustavus Adolphus successively, took other measures, such as sending priests, building schools and churches, and printing school-books, but they were inadequately executed. Such is the diversity of the Lapland dialects, very few persons understood the language of the school-books; and such is the great extent of the country, that many lived and died without seeing one of the thirty small churches which had been scattered over it. Frederick I., of Sweden, sought to force them to the sacrament, under the penalty of labouring at the public works. In 1738, they had a translation of the Bible; and in 1750, we find them in possession of twelve principal and eight subordinate churches, and six schools. Then came to the Kaitomean Laplanders, dwelling in the Luleamark, precisely under the polar circle, as their apostle, Peter Högström, who had formed the strange opinion of all the Laplanders that they were the descendants of the Hebrews, who were carried into the Babylonian captivity. To the Norwegian and Fin-Laplanders came also Thomaston Westen, a minister of the diocese of Drouvheim, whose parish lay contiguous to the chain of the Kiölian mountains, and who spontaneously relinquished a tranquil life, that he might go forth and convert the heathen. Supported by the Danish Government, he erected churches and schools, and founded at Droutheim a missionary seminary. At his death, in 1724, Finmark had already three churches, two meeting-houses, and two schools; and Nordland two churches, twenty meeting houses, and eighteen schools. Several churches and schools have been since built there. Lapland had lately thirteen principal and ten filial churches, and seven schools, and means are yet taken by Swedish Evangelical Societies and Bible Societies, and missionaries, and translations, and hymn books and other books, for rooting out the ancient paganism of the North. But the nomadic Lap-Fins, and the northernmost Fins, maintain, nevertheless, a state of savage independence. It remains to be proved whether religion is yet taught by professing Christians in purity sufficient to convince or to persuade these people of a superior moral, domestic, and social condition, worthy of supplanting their old rude habits of existence.

In Asiatic Turkey, Syria and Asia Minor, the professors of Christianity contrive so to exhibit it as to excite and justify Mahomedan contempt. The Greek Church itself is at a low state—for there are, it is stated, even bishops and archbishops, who have hitherto known nothing of the sacred books—or no more than the contents of the four Gospels. The patriarch of Constantinople has been accustomed to purchase of the sultan, at the price of one hundred thousand piastres, his Christian dignity, which has conferred on him the rank of a pacha of two tails; and he has been obliged to devise means of bringing that sum back again into the sacred exchequer. Add to this, the fact that the papal agents have done all they can to prevent the circulation of the Protestant Bible, and we have a picture of the state of Christianity in these parts of Asia.

In the vast north of Asia, subject to Russia, we meet with Paganism in Siberia in Nertschinsk and Tobolsk—a million of fire and fetich

worshippers—with more than three hundred thousand subjects of the Lama religion. Conversion, conducted on principles of compulsion, has been tried—but the Christianity of the Fins, Tartars and Mongols is very little to be esteemed. The Tungusians—the Beltires—adhere stedfastly to the gods of their country, and the usages of their forefathers. Descendants of ancient Christians are found in the interior—the Awchases, for instance, in Russian Georgia, or among the Lesgi, in whose valleys and mountains along the river Koisu, may still be discovered unequivocal relics of the Avars and Huns. But these people know nothing of Christian rites, beyond the observance of Sunday, and the long fasts of the Greek Church.

In the elevated valleys of the Tibetan Highlands, gentler manners, a social amenity and a diversity of occupations, present themselves. It is not likely that the creed, ceremonies, and church constitution of the Lama worshippers can be substituted by any other, of a Christian form. In fact their religion is already Christian, in its ideas and symbols—only their Mahamony, or Schaka, born of a virgin in the country of Cachemir, came into the world, according to the Tibetan Chronology, about a thousand years earlier than Jesus Christ. It is much to be lamented, that the sacred books of this singular sect are not to be got at—the coincidence of the deductions from them with our own system of belief, make them the subject of anxious curiosity, notwithstanding the fact that we meet with nearly the same fundamental idea in most of the religions of the warmer regions of Asia—an incarnate God, God-man or demigod—the wonder-working prophet, and revealer of whatever is most sacred to mankind.

If the probability of introducing Christianity to Tibet be small, it is still smaller as to Japan. The Japanese sect of the Siuttos are exempt from every species of idolatry or image worship; and are said to profess a faith coinciding with the eternal truths of reason, and worthy of enlightened respect. It is scarcely possible to introduce into Japan any books which merely have a reference to Christianity; for every stranger, the moment he sets foot on the soil of Japan, is searched in the strictest manner, and all his papers are carefully examined. If the slightest allusion to Christianity is discovered, he is, according to the existing laws, banished the country. Houses, too, are often searched by the officers of government; and if they find in any of them a scrap of paper upon which Christianity is mentioned, or a cross figured, the house is rased to the ground, and its inhabitants are doomed to death.

In China a diversity of religions is tolerated—hence a fermentation of ideas permitted favourable to the introduction of a new. Yet though Christianity has been professedly preached there for some centuries, it has made far less progress than might have been expected from the facilities afforded. It is, however, of sufficient importance to be persecuted, and the public preaching of the Gospel in any one spot of the empire is at present totally impracticable, as is also the circulation of the Scriptures. Add to this, as is well observed by Mr. Shoberl, “the Catholic missionaries in China will, no doubt, throw not less impediments in the way of the Protestant, than the mandarins and the court itself could do: for both carry with them their prejudices and religious enmities from Europe to Asia. In the eyes of the Capuchins and Do-

minicans, a Protestant Chinese would be no better than a pagan ; and on the other hand, the Protestant missionary could not see the Catholic Chinese kneeling before the images of saints, without profound pity. Both parties will anathematize each other, as missionaries in other countries have done, and thus render Christianity itself still more contemptible to the better educated Chinese."

The broad empire of Tunkin, to the south of China, with twenty millions of inhabitants, of Mongol extraction, but of mild manners and intelligent minds, and nearly equal to the Chinese in arts and sciences, seem to have derived their creed from the nations dwelling at a remote period in the countries contiguous to the Ganges. It acknowledges and adores a Supreme Being, and reverences the tutelary spirits of their families and villages, to which little temples, in great number, are erected. In the interior of the mountains the Evil Spirit is propitiated with sacrifices. The success of the Jesuits,* in the seventeenth century, towards the conversion of these people, was much exaggerated: that they did their best, is clear from the fact of their being, in 1721, expelled, and their disciples plundered and capitally punished. Persecution, however, seems to have aided the cause it sought to crush; for we find, in 1775, two Dominicans convicted of making converts and being publicly executed. The Portuguese also had sent fresh missionaries from Macao, though indeed their real object was kept a profound secret. These valleys of Eastern Asia, however, continued to boast a succession of martyrs and confessors—and lately, under the mild government of the Imperial Dsha-Loang, toleration has been conceded—and convents and bishops flourish. In 1807, the number of the faithful was stated to amount to more than three hundred thousand souls. In Cochin-China, owing to the quarrels of the missionaries among themselves, Christianity, which was introduced under favourable auspices, suffers under a cloud of intense obscurity. It may be doubted, says a religious writer, already quoted, whether a conscientious paganism is not far preferable to such a vicious Christianity as has stationed itself in these places. The Malays still sacrifice human victims—and are a rude race. The Birmans, on the contrary, abound with knowledge—scarcely an artisan or labourer among them who cannot read or write: their faith is at bottom the same as that which predominates in the whole of Southern and Eastern Asia, in the mountains of Tibet as in Tunkin and Cochin-China, in Ceylon as in Japan and China—a faith more widely extended than the Christian or even the Mahomedan religion, and far more ancient than either—a faith having a Messiah virgin born, the Mediator between God and Man. The ancient and sacred language, called Palee, gives rise to the greatest and most extensive associations, and the subject is altogether one of the highest importance, and deserving of the deepest meditation. All languages, both dead and living, point by their affinity to one general mother—all religions, in their doctrines, symbols, and ceremonies, to an extinct aboriginal nation—*per sæculorum millia, incredibile dictu, gens æterna.*

The Portuguese Christian friars and priests of the sixteenth century

* Baldinotti, Marquez, and Alexander de Rhodéz.

were astonished at discovering among the reputed heathen Birmans, marks of severer virtue than their own—convents more hospitable—with priests and novices more merciful, supporting themselves by the cultivation of their own lands. Grateful for the assistance rendered by the Portuguese to them in their wars with Pegu, the Birmans permitted Christianity to be publicly taught—its professors now, however, are mainly to be found among the poor descendants of the Portuguese themselves. The peace concluded in January, 1826, by which the king of Ava ceded to the East India Company the provinces of Arracan and some others, extending from Chittagong to Salangar and Malacca, is looked upon by some as affording an entrance for our more modern faith. We confess that our anticipations are not so sanguine.

Hindoostan, notwithstanding its subjection to Christian rulers, remains as it was found by Alexander of Macedon, and as it is described by Diodorus Siculus and Arrian. The practice of European settlers conformed not with the precepts of their professed creed. Means are now taken for the introduction of the Gospel; *our* bishops are there engaged in the sacred labour. Hope revives—and some prospects of success are seen as through a vista. May they turn out well! May the cause for which a Middleton and a Heber perished, prosper!

The Syrian Christians, once distinguished by their conscientious regard for truth, by their manliness and independence, are now deteriorated; the effect of the struggle which they have had to maintain with the later introductions of the Roman Catholics, and the loss of their individuality of character during their temporary nominal subjection to the Papal power. Yet this small flock of Christians had maintained itself in the midst of Bramins and Mahomedans, for more than fourteen centuries, before Europeans had set foot in Hither India;—though the holy spirit in which it originated had long been substituted by superstitious ceremonies. Thus it is with almost all the Religions of Antiquity.

There are Christians in Persia—there are also Mahomedans—both are in a corrupt state—the more enlightened Persians are Deists. In the Asiatic Islands a degraded Christianity here and there prevails—in company with an equally degraded Mahomedanism. The usages and duties of paganism are retained with the ceremonies of both.

Much of the slow success of Christianity is to be attributed to the ignorance of missionaries. One of the Chinese in Java said to an English missionary, “I really believe that all the religions in the world are alike; or rather, that they are only different scions from one and the same radical truth.” The prejudiced European was startled with this fine idea; in the humility of his own poor conceptions, he waived proper consideration in the best way he could, concluding with a recommendation that the Chinese should pray diligently to Jesus. He was, as might be expected from a superior mind, ironically answered: “I am afraid he does not understand Chinese enough, and so I must learn English first for that.” Such instances as these show a want of the knowledge of mankind, as well as of talent and intelligence requisite to the fulfilment of the high duties which they have too hastily undertaken. Take another example:—A tradition, said to be derived

from the sacred books of the Cingalese, that from the West there shall come to Ceylon a new religion which shall be adopted by all mankind, exists. This important point has been made no use of—it is probable even that ignorant prejudice would reject it.

Serious are the reflections which arise when meditating on the state of the Christian religion in Asia—the cradle of religion, and of the most widely diffused forms of faith. The want of progress is rightly ascribed to the loss of the original purity which distinguished the first apostles, and is wanting to the present professors. Protestants, Catholics, and Greeks proceed in the labour in a spirit of mutual emulation, and not in love. Regard also has not been enough had to the existing notions and prejudices of the natives, which required reconciliation with the new teachings, if the latter were to be effectually communicated. The Gospel should not be preached to the Heathen in language suitable to the Jews. They want no argument on Mosaic sacrifices; but the truth, as it is in Christ, delivered in simplicity and with singleness of heart. Thereto thus preached, will even the devout Tibetians, the wise disciples of Confutsé, the Bramins, and the Sumatrans, listen with reverence. Indians and Tatars will readily acknowledge its presence and its efficacy; for it exists, even though dormant, in the conscience of every man, and is to be awakened by the saint or sage who is skilful to touch the chords of the human heart; and to this skill nothing more is needed than that his own should have become awakened.

What shall we say to the present state of Christianity in Africa—in Africa, which is almost as little known now as it was a thousand years since? Cyrene, Cyprus, Crete, and the islands of the Egean Sea were visited by the Apostles. Alexandria could boast of Pantœnus and Origen; the deserts of Thebais were the first haunts of Christian monachism; Nubia and Abyssinia heard of the faithful; and Axum listened to the preaching of Frumentius the Egyptian; Carthage gave celebrated teachers to Christendom. But the converted nations on the coast of Africa were neither enlightened nor improved by the new teaching; they lived in enmity, not in love with one another. At length, North Africa became a dependency of Arabia, and the Gospel yielded to the Koran. From the left bank of the Nile to Mount Atlas, the country has been closed against Christianity. Tripoli, Algiers, Tunis give it not much quarter; and for the rest, the brand of slavery has been upon it, destroying not the Christian only, but almost the very man. In Egypt, indeed, small remnants of the Jacobite, Armenian, Greek, and Catholic churches have maintained themselves under numberless indignities and public humiliations to the present day. The Jacobite Christians maintain some ground also in Abyssinia, but they are jealous of western intrusions, and have reason to be so; Mahomedans and Jews are more tolerable to them. The people of Madagascar are sworn enemies to Europeans. King Radama, however, prepared the way for better auspices. In the Isles of Bourbon and France, Christianity is pretty general among the scanty population.

Of the Protestant missions for the conversion of the Hottentots and Caffres, little need be said; they have been well intended and zeal-

ously prosecuted. They have also had more success than could have been expected from the character of the tribes, and the conduct of European adventurers.

"The Desert Coast," beyond the Great Orange River, may be expected to be almost as desert of morals where man is, as it is of man in such parts of it where he is not. Benguela, Angola, and Congo present European towns and forts—the ancient possessions of the Portuguese. Here Christianity has been preached to negroes ever since the fifteenth century, by the clergy of the episcopal dioceses; but it has won no free nation,—the cruelty of the *white* strangers revolting them even from their God. The Jagga negroes, indeed, carry on a war of extermination against the Christians. In the parts subject to the Portuguese, of nominal Christians among the negroes there are more than one hundred thousand, and many native princes. Of the kind of Christianity professed, it is sufficient to remark that the early converts were convinced by the cudgel of the Capuchin Antonio Zuchelli.

In Lower Guinea, owing to the indifference of the Portuguese, the faith makes but slow progress. In Upper Guinea, the inhabitants are heathen. Inhuman as are the natives, European traders there have been more so. Civilization has lately been attempted of both, but the Christianity of either is of a very equivocal complexion. In Sierra Leone, Mahomedanism is the spreading religion. Means, however, have been taken for placing a Christian institution there on an efficient footing; it has prospered much in fact, and more in influence. Much is begun—much in progress—for the result, the sons of God travail in earnest expectation. But the West African Islands seem to be delivered to the tender mercies of Mahomedanism, which, sooth to say, has humanized and civilized, while the Christian is either despised or feared by the natives. Such are the effects of the cruel thirst for gold by which Europeans are distinguished. Can these servants of Mammon be the worshippers of Christ? The Portuguese, like the Spaniards, made a point of exterminating from these places, with the aid of the Inquisition, all heathen, Jews, Mahomedans, and Protestant Christians. Churches, convents, chapels, abound; but the clergy are ignorant. The produce of the Azore Islands is paid for by Portugal with indulgences, dispensations, relics, images of saints. But is this religion?—is this conversion?—is it improvement? Superstition—degradation—retrogression worse than heathenism.

"Without what natural grace to that might cleave,
Maugre its lapse from God's supernal grace,
Whence Nature's is: lost unto both."

On the East coast of Greenland, Christianity lost what she once had, until it was in part recovered by the fortitude of Hans Egede; but of its condition now, we have not even much to tell. Attempts are making to found permanent missions on the coasts of Labrador, and at Hudson's Bay; but into New Wales no Apostles have ventured. The Europeans who penetrate here are worse than the wild Indians. The Russians in particular exhibit conduct which is not very recommendatory of the Greek Church. The savages of North America have no

very high estimation either of the God or the manners of the Spaniards—and South America is in very nearly the same condition. Such as are baptized, carry rosaries and amulets, and make the sign of the cross, retain yet their heathen notions unimpaired; and the Peruvian, with his Christian name, still worships the sun, as in the days of Pizarro. Absurd notions were doubtless implanted by the missionaries with their dogmas in the minds of converted savages. Thus the Caribbees still retain a tradition founded on the Christian doctrine, that the Supreme Being sent his son from heaven to kill a prodigious serpent; after the conquest of the monster, there issued from its bowels worms, each of which generated a male and female Carib. In Demerara and in Hayti, and the West India Islands, missions have had various fortunes—and nominal Christianity is spreading. There can, however, be no doubt that more than one half of the aborigines of the Americas are still heathen.

The cause for this little progress may be stated in one word. The practice of Christians has not corresponded with their precepts. "Wherefore comest thou to us, father?" said an Abipone one day to Dobrizhoffer. "Why dost thou not first make Christians of thy Spanish brethren?"—"Thou forbiddest us to have more than one wife," said Ychoalay, the cacique, to Father Brigniel; "are not the Spaniards Christians? and yet they are not content with one wife. They do much worse than we. They shamelessly attack any woman they meet, when their desires are excited. The Christians, thou tellest us, ought not to steal. Very true: a man ought not, though no Christian. Why, then, do thy Spaniards come and steal our horses, nay, even our young boys and girls, and drag them away into slavery?"

It must, however, be confessed that there is reason to hope for better things from this time forward—from Mexico to Patagonia we are led to expect the extension of an intellectual and moral influence, which shall be as new life in the hearts of a people hitherto dwelling as in the valley of the shadow of death. Even in New Zealand, and in the Society and Sandwich Islands, progress is making, or vistas are opened. Need is, however, that our dissensions at home should be settled, before we can assure ultimate success abroad.

It is matter of history, that the contentions between Protestants and Romanists, and the sects of either church, have, at many times and places, been the main hindrances to conversion. These contentions we cannot expect to cease, until the desiderated reconciliation of faith and reason shall have been effected in the judgement and recognition of the Catholic Church, as it was realized in the person of the Apostle Paul. That faith, in fact, which has no reason to give, is not faith, but superstitious credulity. True faith commences with an act of reason, accompanies all its ideas, and ascends with it in those sublime conclusions, which stop not in their flight, until they reach the throne itself of God, and contemplate the essence of the Eternal. It may be well, though we doubt it, to restrain ordinary men from desiring or endeavouring to realize these extraordinary accesses of revelation—but the mind of man, as constituted in itself and apart from all considerations of worldly prudence, is calculated and designed for these excursions, though of the widest and loftiest endeavour. Faith, Hope, and Love

are eternal, and capable of infinite degrees—and Virtue aims beyond the human to become divine. Such is the standard of morals, that progress may meet no termination, but have for ever a point of perfection presented as a further aim, when each cycle of attainment may be completed. “*Be ye perfect, even as your Father in Heaven is perfect.*”

The union thus recommended, would raise the religious inquirer above the phenomenal into the world of spiritual realities; where he would acquire a fulcrum, and be able to employ a lever, the utility and exercise of which have not yet been fairly tried. He would find himself in the land of ideas, where there is almost—nay quite, an universal agreement. There is, as is remarked by an elegant writer on this theme, an everlasting self-revelation of God in his children—an irrefragable evidence that we are of his race, spirits sprung from the holy, the infinite, the primitive spirit of the universe—a divine inspiration that we know our immortality. Is this inspiration—evidence—revelation—peculiar to the wise? Nay, but the stupid savage has it, and in its possession asserts his humanity! Even his fetish is a symbol, though rude, of this. An invisible and almighty Supreme Being was acknowledged by Otaheitans, under the name of *Eutooa Rahai*, enthroned in the sun—the blissful abode of spirits after the dissolution of the body—and made known to his creatures in three mysterious modes—as *Tane de Medooa*, the Father of the World—as *Tooa tee te Myde*, God in the Son—and as *Mannoo te Hooa*, the winged Spirit. Even the New Zealanders had priests and priestesses—and prayed. Good and ill luck to them were dispensations of a superior Being, whose spirituality they compared to a shadow, incapable of touch or seizure—a Being which created all things, itself uncreated and imperishable. The natives of New Holland, in the vicinity of Wellington, wild and barbarous as they are, acknowledge the like great truth, under the name of *Murrooberrai*, as a Being who produces thunder and lightning,—acknowledging him, however, only during the visitations of the storm. They also believe in the Resurrection of the Dead, to live again on the surface of the earth, in whose bosom they have been buried. The people of Guiana have similar points of faith—the Supreme Being, according to them, is too exalted to accept presents and offerings from men, and too bountiful to require prayers and solicitations. Prayers, festivals, altars, idolatry, were equally unknown to the Californian—an invisible all creating God, however, was acknowledged. The Eduoros or Monkees had a mythology. *Neparaya*, “the Almighty,” though invisible and incorporeal, had a virgin wife, named *Anayicondl*, and by her a son, *Quaayayp*, “man;”—that the latter descended from heaven, and was put to death, having been previously crowned with thorns; that he still continues to bleed, is not subject to corruption, and though, being dead, he cannot speak, yet an owl speaks for him. The tribes resident in the central part of the Spanish North American Peninsula, have a creed apparently more aboriginal. They tell of an invisible almighty *Gumongo*, “king of spirits,” who in ancient times sent another spirit, *Guyaguai*, into the world to mankind. This messenger is said to have taught men to sow *pituhayas*—a fruit of the country, about the size of a chestnut, prickly without, soft and juicy within, and growing on the leafless branches of a tree; and the most common food of the natives.

The Koschimers designate the Supreme by the periphrasis, "He who is alive." They also give him a son, similarly named—"Completion of the Earth,"—and make mention of rebellious invisible creatures. Notions these, bearing great affinity to the Buddha religions of the south of Asia, and carrying home with accumulated force the argument of the Apostle Paul, pronounced from Mars Hill to the Athenians—"As certain also of your own poets have said, 'For we are also his offspring.'"

Need instances be multiplied? The Indians of North America could teach the missionaries that "we can die, but not cease to be. The grain of maize dies too, when it is put into the ground, but it is not dead for all that." Their priests* are wont to insist on a virtuous life, as an essential condition for reaching the abode of the good spirits after the death of the body. They present offerings to the Manitous, good spirits, (tutelar angels,) but to these only, and not to the Great Spirit (God), who desires no offerings, and is too exalted for them. They believe also the existence of an evil spirit, without propitiating him by offerings. To them dreams are divine revelations, as they were in the primitive ages—whether European or Asiatic. Need we tell of the "Great Spirit," whose praises are resounded in snow-covered wilds, inhabited but by Esquimaux? Need we mention "the delicious island" of the Chippeway, whereto departed spirits are conveyed? Do not the natives of West Greenland acknowledge the creative breath of Pirksuma—"Him who is above"—Torngarsuk, a good spirit subordinate to him, the oracle of their *angekoks*, or priests, who dwells in subterranean realms of bliss; an evil spirit, who resides at the bottom of the sea, and whose house is guarded by ferocious seals, which stand erect; and the continued existence of their souls, *tarngeks*,† after the dissolution of the body? What, though to the great spirit Torngarsuk they pay neither reverence nor service? Do they not consider him as much too beneficent to desire to be propitiated or bribed?

Shall we go back to Africa for still more examples? Less pure in their original notions, confounding the spiritual and the natural, they yet acknowledge divine existence, though as many rather than One. Nor do they deny the immortality of the soul. The Zoolus believe in preternatural power. The Mandingo negroes pray for deceased friends. Instances of refined piety either are not wanting. The Onninas, in the midst of the battle, sing hymns to God. The Temboos pray in the morning; "God help us! we know not whether we shall be alive to-morrow; we are in thy hand!" Oldendorp, the missionary, heard a Watje negress in the Caribbee Islands pronounce this prayer: "O God, I know thee not, but thou knowest me. I have need of thy help." On the ancient Christianity of Abyssinia it would be unfair to insist, except for the purpose of showing that Christianity can exist in conjunction with dogmas and customs considered by us as alien to its dispensation, and in separation from the controversies, condemnations, and decrees of

* Vide Loskiel's History of the Missions of the United Brethren among the Delawares and Iroquois.

† Inferences have been drawn from the affinity of this name, with that of the good Spirit, *Torngarsuk*.

western ecclesiastical councils. These things belong to a lower region of speculation, than that where religious Truth rejoices to ascend, and obscure not the elevated light in which she evermore abides. These logical subtleties perplex the understanding only; the divinity of Reason looks down upon them with indifference, and lifts up again with ease her contemplations to the pure hyaline above her. It is upon this high table-land that we would place Faith—and are desirous of repeating it, in order to impress our conviction that sufficient advantage has not been taken of it.

Experience has proved that, until Christians are at peace with one another, they will find difficulties arising out of their own dissensions, to the propagation of the holy precepts which it is their duty to publish to all the world. But we have said elsewhere, and repeat now, that there are quarters in which the philosophy of religion is preparing a great change, and a mighty reformation. At present, it may be but as a grain of mustard-seed, which, when it is sown in the earth, is less than all the seeds that be in the earth: but, when it is sown, it groweth up, and becometh greater than all herbs, and shooteth out great branches; so that the fowls of the air may lodge under the shadow of it." It is in the spread and increasing influence of this philosophy, that we look for that realization of rational agreement, which shall make our future missions more prosperous than those which are passed. Perhaps many of the circumstances that now appear adverse to the sacred cause may in fact be contributive to the very end so devoutly wished. The substitution of Fancy for Faith, as manifested in the present state of the French stage, and in much of our own literature, may even be conducive to this end, if it shall elevate the mind of Christians above the letter to the spirit of the word. Much idolatry—much superstition—and all the late instances of fanaticism in this country, and on the strength of which churches are daily founded,—have originated in the mistaking of the letter for the spirit. Some counteracting force is necessary, and it may be provided in the examples which we have before us. Evils even have attended a system of Rationalism itself—evils certainly proceeding rather from the abuse than the right use of a good principle of interpretation. But they have passed away in Germany, where they were conceived and brought forth, and there is no dread of their revival here. Theology has stood the sifting of philosophic systems, and has come out purer from the process. The grand doctrinal results have in no respect been altered—not even a dogma changed; but the holders of the truth have only been rendered more conscious of its presence, and been more confirmed in their estimation of established principles. A striking example of this was given us in the last work of Goethe, as the conclusion of that educational process which his great intellect had undergone. The second part of his *Faust* is designed to illustrate that doctrine of the church, which enthusiasts of all kinds have rebelled against, and to which Wesley was mainly opposed—namely, that though man may be justified on earth, he can only be sanctified in heaven.

However unpopular the reconciliation between reason and religion may be among the ranks of dissent, it always found promoters in the Church of England. Our church polity is founded rather on the

reason of things than on the letter of the Book. We have always claimed to act in this respect as the Apostles would have acted—in a spirit of liberty making a precedent where wanted. Our bishops, in fact, are the Apostles of the modern Church. The authority that the Apostles had in their times to institute measures for regulating ecclesiastical affairs, that have their successors now. “The institution by the Apostles of the order of deacons was the work of their authority, founded on the evident want of such an order of men in the increasing community; while the council, held at Jerusalem, shows them publishing an ordinance of great importance, but at the same time deeming it necessary to consult with each other generally on the subject.” These things the Church can do by her own authority. There is no Scripture which declares that *no other* ordinances of discipline shall be instituted by the Church than those of which the model is to be found in the written word. Such never has been the practice of the Church. Authority, for instance, may be found in Holy Writ for bishops—none for archbishops; but the reason of the thing justifies the appointment of such officers, and would even that of the Pope—and did. It was rather the abuse of the office in his case that was condemned, than the office itself.

In corroboration of these instances, it may be mentioned that the “judicious” Hooker has rightly treated this theme, as not referable to Scripture so much as to the conscientious reason, which, as the Spirit of God in the midst of the churches, was appointed from of old to be their guide and guard. He had accordingly to contend with the Dissenters of his time; and any one who shall now assert the same privilege for himself, or the church of which he is a member, must expect to encounter similar resistance. While with their mouths they loudly disclaim all authority, Dissenters, of all men, in their hearts most acknowledge it. They may, it is true, reject that which is aged, for that requires learning to appreciate; but that which is floating on the time-serving breath of opinion, receives ready homage, for it comes ready made to their acceptance. An amusing instance of this occurs in the indignation with which certain so called “Evangelical” critics received Southey’s new Life of Dr. Watts; because, forsooth, the biographer has placed Watts, as a poet, midway between Milton and Blackmore. Against the Laureate’s judgement of the latter, they cited Dr. Johnson’s as of more weight—a bowing to authority consequent upon their ignorance of the relative standing of Southey and Johnson as critics on poetry. Especially is the writer scandalized at Southey daring to characterize Dugald Stewart as “a feeble but elegant writer.” Such a decision the Asinarius conceives is sufficient to neutralize the value of Southey’s opinion altogether. Thus it is, that they take up their notions of men and things from popular report, and adoring the authority of some late name, will not even be corrected by the words of the wise. Dugald Stewart, like Sir James Mackintosh, was no metaphysician. They were only historians of metaphysics. They were not originators, but mere retailers of other men’s opinions, reconciling them as they might where they chanced to differ. They were critics, or men of taste, and not of genius. The testimony of a Southey is worth a hundred

of such sweet voices ; but these writers more readily get a name than their betters. To the influence of this name, the deniers of ancient authority prostrate themselves, as before the car of Juggernaut, in superstitious worship. It is otherwise with the members and ministers of the Established Church. That their power and hers is extending every day is clear ; that the state of religion will become improved in consequence, no rational man can doubt. The spirit of wisdom thus generated within her borders, will extend to the utmost corners of the world. Caring more for the thing signified, than the sign by which it may be conveyed, they will proceed in the work of conversion, by holding to those common principles in which all are agreed, according to the example of Paul at Athens, by way of introduction. All that will then be necessary, will be to add the fuller manifestation, as he did, of which Christians are possessed. "Forasmuch, then, as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at, but now commandeth all men every where to repent. Because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained ; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead."

HOCUS FOCUS DARBEY, GENTLEMAN ATTORNEY :

A SKETCH OF CHARACTER FROM LIFE, IN A LETTER FROM PETER MINIMUS, ESQ. TO THE EDITOR OF THE MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

————— *Maxime quis non.*

Jupiter, exclamat, Simul atque audivit.—HORACE.

MR. EDITOR,

I do believe I am the most persecuted man in existence : for charity's sake, sir, give me some advice, and tell me if you know of any way to punish a fellow, who, I think, under the exterior of a gentleman, possesses as black and unprincipled a heart as any villain unchanged. Why, sir, he stops at nothing ;—dishonest tricks—lies—and even perjury, are as familiar to him as his breakfast, dinner, and supper ; and the worst of it is, sir, this fellow thrives in the world ; actually grows rich ; he appears to think all honest men fools, and, like the tyrant Richard, that poverty is sure to overtake them for their honesty. Now, sir, if I am persecuted by a fellow of this kind, shall I inflict corporal punishment on him at once ? or do you think it would be better not to annoy myself about him, but leave him to the vengeance of heaven, which is sure to fall upon him sooner or later ? My counsel, while they acknowledge his guilt, tell me that there is not the least use in *taking the law* of him, for he manages to keep himself *quibble screened* in such a manner, that it would be next to impossible to do anything with him. This fellow's name, Mr. Editor, is Hocus Focus Darbey : he is the son of a late gentleman attorney, who was considered one of the most respectable men of his profession, in the town of — ; but for many years before his death, he was prevented by ill health from attending to its duties, which accordingly devolved upon his son, Hocus

Focus, who had served his time to him; indeed, I should rather say, that he had served his time to one of his father's clerks, from whom he learned alone whatever was base, grovelling, and disreputable in the calling, without any regard to those parts which are useful, honest, and honourable. I am very far, sir, from being of opinion that there are not gentlemen attorneys, who are gentlemen in reality, as well as by act of parliament; far from it, sir, I think there are many, not only gentlemen, but useful, honest, and honourable members of society. But, sir, to this Hocus Focus Darbey let me say,

"Your place may bear the name of gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter stick to your bread"—

There is a blank here, in Beaumont and Fletcher, which I will fill up with an expression of my friend Hamlet's—

"Then is doomsday near."

But, sir, to return to the subject, this principal clerk, under whom Hocus Focus graduated, even to the elevation of a sworn attorney, was, from all I can learn, as thorough-bred a scoundrel, as ever served a writ or law notice; but to give the d—l his due, he certainly taught young Darbey all he knew, and which, indeed, thanks to the natural propensities of the pupil, did not give him a monstrous deal of trouble. I have said something, sir, about the gentlemanly exterior of this Hocus Focus Darbey; of course I do not mean that you are to examine him very closely; he is about thirty-three years of age, dark hair, stands about five feet ten inches in height—slim make—a pale face—not exactly ugly, but on which the observer will find engraven impudence—cunning—ignorance—and falsehood; he is what some people would call a *neat dresser*, and wears tight clothes, tight boots, a *narrow* looking hat, satin cravats, with gold pins, chains, &c.

The most prominent trait, sir, in the early character of Hocus Focus, was that of *lying*; he is now proverbial for it—no one will believe one word he utters; and even his oath, (I shrink to tell it, Mr. Editor,) is looked upon with as much credit as his word—

"In all disputes on either part he lied,
And freely pledged his oath on either side."

I thank thee, Crabbe, for teaching me these lines. But I just wish to explain to you, sir, the manner in which this fellow happens to be well off in the world, for, would you believe it, sir, he turns out his carriage—horses—grooms—in fact, lives in what is called right good style, and yet, sir, he has no general business as an attorney; for no one, who had any regard for his character, or his cause, would employ him. I will tell you how it is, sir, this fellow *was born with a silver spoon in his mouth*.

The late Mr. Darbey, I have told you, was considered respectable in his profession; he held three appointments of considerable emolument. During his life he succeeded, by much interest, in having his son Hocus Focus joined in partnership with him in one of these places, and had interest enough to obtain a promise, that at his death the son should succeed him in another: with these "*wind-falls*," and some ready money, left to Hocus Focus in Old Darbey's will, he was indeed right well off for a gentleman attorney. I must tell you, sir, that the two places into which he dropped, were solicitorships to very extensive

companies ; but, the third place, Mr. Editor—now I am coming to my grievances, so pray pay attention, lend me your ears, or rather your eyes, or perhaps, sir, if you can spare all your senses for some time, you will lend them to me. Well, sir, in this third place, Old Darbey had tried all in his power to have the son joined with him in partnership, but without success, for the Board of Jobbers (the electors) could never be induced to consent to such a measure ; the fact was, they were better acquainted with the character of Hocus Focus, than the father imagined. Now, sir, notwithstanding all this, upon the death of Old Darbey, this Hocus Focus had the impudence to set up for the vacant place,—not that he thought that he had any chance of obtaining it by fair means, but he looked forward with the hope of being able to accomplish his object by some sleight-of-hand, or thimble-rig trick. However, sir, he canvassed—but a strange candidate was in the field as soon as he—no less a person, sir, than your humble servant, Peter Minimus.

“ Thus hopes are often blasted in the bud,
And candidates left sticking in the mud.”

You must know, sir, that I am rather a favourite with my fellow citizens ; besides which, my father is a highly respected man, and is possessed of considerable influence. Excuse me, Mr. Editor, for speaking thus of ourselves ; but if you make inquiries, I think you will find I have stated facts. Now, sir, as Hocus Focus Darbey had never been known from his cradle to do any thing in a fair, honourable and above-board manner, every act of his emanating from low cunning, prevarication, and “ ruse,” it would be needless to repeat the thousand tricks made use of by him in the progress of his unsuccessful canvass ;—he tried a multitude of lies upon the electors ;—to some he went with tears in his eyes ; ay, Mr. Editor, think of that—tears, for he could “ shape his face to all occasions ;” he could speak “ with drowning eye and choking utterance” of his late respected father, and endeavour to work upon the feelings of the more tender-hearted electors in this way : but unfortunately for Hocus Focus, they had nearly all made up their minds before his application, and intended to support Peter Minimus. You say, then, Mr. Editor, what have I to complain of ? Ah ! hold, sir, and hear me to the end of the chapter.

The electors consist of a body of twenty-four individuals, and a chairman ; this body is named, as I have said before, “ *The Board of Jobbers.*” The office for which this contested election took place is denominated “ the town *money-touchership*,” the term having reference to the manner in which the money passes through the hands of the officer, being merely a touch-and-go concern ; that is, it is paid away as fast as it is received : but of course, Mr. Editor, in the handling of it, a good deal sticks to the fingers of the officer in the way of a salary. In fact, sir, it is an office which Hocus Focus Darbey, or any one else, would think it well worth his while looking for.

“ ’Tis one which has some very good things in’t,
Which made him try more anxiously to win’t.”

Before I tell you, sir, about the election, I would just say a word or two about the interest which Hocus Focus Darbey could command *upon a stretch*. He had, in the first place, his father-in-law,

a *Mr. Pomposity Daw*, who certainly had not much influence; but in place of it, sir, he had a monstrous deal of impudence, which nearly answered the same purpose; then this *Mr. Daw's son*, Henry John Daw, or *Jackdaw*, as he was usually called for brevity's sake, was an *exceedingly useful young man*, and would say or do anything, right or wrong, as directed by his brother-in-law, Hocus Focus. Well, sir, then comes *Mr. Blue*, a lawyer, who had always been employed by old Darbey, and who was now employed by Hocus Focus Darbey upon all occasions of litigation; and you may imagine, sir, that Hocus Focus having dropped into his father's shoes, and being now solicitor to two great companies, these occasions were not by any means few, so that *Mr. Blue* was a *warm* friend, and much interested in the success of Hocus Focus Darbey; then, sir, there was a *Mr. Halter Sourphiz*, an officer of the *Court of As We Please*, who was a dear friend of Hocus Focus Darbey's uncle, a *Mr. Joe Focus*. Now, *Joe Focus* was, I understand, a very rich man, and there were hints abroad, that he had considerable influence with *Mr. Justice Twig*, of this same *Court of As We Please*, where I have had the misfortune of being engaged in litigation, as I will explain to you, with Hocus Focus Darbey; so that, *Mr. Editor*, when the interest within the scope of this gentleman attorney was well worked up, it was of no small force: but notwithstanding all this, sir, his canvass among the Board of Jobbers failed; he was pressed to the wall, and even a day or two before that on which the election was to take place, he made a proposition to me to the effect, that if I would allow him to join with me in the office, he would give me half the emoluments, and do all the duty himself. There's a pretty fellow, sir. But of course I rejected at once his proposal—I was not to be done. Why, sir, I made it plain to him that I would have a clear majority of four votes at the election; and, besides, sir, I would rather die on a dunghill than be connected in office with such a fellow. Well, sir, he went to work and racked his brain for some election trick to play upon me. Now, *Mr. Editor*, the day of the election at last arrived, and at twelve o'clock the Board of Jobbers had assembled in the Town Hall, for the purpose of electing a *fit and proper* person to fill the office of *town money-toucher*, vacant by the demise of old Darbey. The chair had been taken, the usual preliminaries had been gone through, and one of the Board was about to propose *Peter Minimus, Esq.* as a *fit and proper* person, when a confused noise was heard without, and the next moment Hocus Focus Darbey rushed almost breathless into the hall, accompanied by *five* strange looking men, and to the great surprise and consternation of the whole Board of Jobbers, one of these strangers stepped forward to the table, and begged to propose *Mr. Hocus Focus Darbey* as a *fit and proper* person (just think, *Mr. Editor*, of calling the fellow a *fit and proper* person) to fill the office of *town money-toucher*. I'll be hanged, sir, if I did not feel very much inclined at the moment to kick Hocus Focus and the five intruders out of the hall, for I was so swelled with indignation, I am sure I could have kicked the whole Board, had they been against me. However, sir, I suppressed my rage, in order to see the result of the trick. Upon the chairman recovering somewhat from his surprise, he demanded of the intruder by what right he

was there, to propose a candidate, for that he was not aware that he was one of the *chartered* Board of Jobbers. The stranger answered, that he had come there at the instance of Hocus Focus Darbey to claim a right to vote at that election; the usual reading, he said, of the act of parliament, under which the election was held, had been discovered to be erroneous—(just fancy, Mr. Editor, an act of parliament being in force for the space of thirty years, and the *meaning* of it only found out at the end of that time). I have no doubt, sir, but that in some cases the meaning of an act of parliament is never discovered. I think if the truth was known, sir, we might often say with the poet:—

“O statutes new, and old black letter acts,
 Confounders of all common sense and facts;
 O courts, O lawyers, and O legislation,
 Meant to *bless*, but made to curse a nation.”

Well, sir, this *new discovery* was made by Hocus Focus; it was that there were other jobbers included in the meaning of the act as well as the chartered jobbers, and he here stepped forward to the table and produced the opinion of counsel in confirmation of his view. The opinion was no other than that of his *friend* Mr. Blue. The chairman of the Board was at first rather confounded; but being an old stager, and up to the ins and outs of every kind of jobbing, he was not so easily to be discomfited; he cast his eye over Mr. Blue's opinion, then taking from his pocket the act of parliament under which he had summoned the electors, he read aloud as follows:—“That the chairman of the said Board of Jobbers shall, and is hereby required, within twenty-one days after such vacancy shall have occurred, to convene *The Board of Jobbers* to meet at the Town Hall, between the hours of twelve o'clock at noon, and two o'clock in the afternoon of the same day,” &c. &c. He then gave it as his opinion that the act was clear and precise, and that it alluded distinctly to *The Board of Jobbers*, and that he would not receive the vote of any other jobber who was not a member of that chartered board of jobbers over which he had the honour to preside. This announcement was received, sir, with loud applause by my friends, and, of course, with murmurs and threats by the Darbeyites. Hocus Focus urged, swore, and threatened all kinds of disasters on the head of the chairman if he did not receive the votes of the five intruders, which votes, if duly registered, would give him a majority of one; (Now, Mr. Editor, did you ever!—but I will keep my temper, sir :) however, the chairman was immovable; the election was proceeded with, and met with but one more interruption, which was caused by one of the Darbeyites inquiring, in an insolent kind of a tone, “Who is this Mr. Peter Minimus?—would any one be kind enough to tell *me* who he is?” To which the chairman replied with some warmth, “Sir! I will tell you who he is,—he is the son of a respectable citizen! and, believe me, sir, he is a young man, who, if you had any daughters to marry, you would be very glad to *find coming about your house!*” This answer produced, as you may suppose, Mr. Editor, loud laughter on my side of the house, and even provoked a grin from the opposition. The votes of the Board were

taken, and I was declared duly elected, by a majority of four, to serve as Town Money-toucher. But do not congratulate me, Mr. Editor; for it was only here my troubles began. What do you think this Darbey did, sir?—he tendered his five additional votes, had it so recorded, and swore he would apply the first opportunity to the court of "*As We Please*," where, he said, he was sure of success. O, Mr. Editor! just imagine going to law with such a fellow as Hocus Focus Darbey!—Does not the bare idea of it make you shudder!—but, sir, it was my unfortunate fate: and although all my friends assured me that I had nothing to fear, that I was on safe ground, and that I could never be removed, something whispered in my ear that I might as well be engaged in a suit with the Devil himself as with this gentleman attorney: indeed, sir, I am not very clear but that this same Hocus Focus Darbey

" May be the Devil ; and the Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape :"

not that Darbey's shape, sir, has ever been very pleasing to me; but he looks like one who is very much pleased with himself. There is one thing, however, Mr. Editor, very clear,—that if he is not in reality that august personage himself, he will one day be very well acquainted with him. But, sir, to be as brief as possible, at the very next term, Mr. Barrister Blue applied to the court of "*As We Please*" for a conditional order for leave to file an information in the nature of a "*quo warranto*," calling on Peter Minimus to show by what authority he held and *enjoyed* (enjoyed—and I on thorns from the moment I got into it) the office of Town Money-toucher. Of course, sir, this application was granted, but my counsel and friends persuaded me that the *order* would never be made absolute. Ah, poor simple people! they little knew with whom and what I had to contend. Two or three days after the first application, I received an anonymous note, which I have no doubt came from Darbey; it conveyed the pleasing intelligence that I had no chance whatever of success, and ended with the following ominous words;—

" Peter, don't think I'm speaking now in sport;
I have a friend behind the bush in court."

It reminded me, sir, of the paper handed to King Richard, before the battle of Bosworth Field, on which was written,—

" Jockey of Norfolk, I e not too bold,
For Dicken thy master is bought and sold."

And I was about like him to proclaim it "a weak invention of the enemy," and cast it from me in the manner of Kean, when some secret misgiving came across me, that there might be some truth in it. I thought of Halter Sourphiz, Joe Focus, and the hint about his influence with Judge Twig; but I found out afterwards, Mr. Editor, that as far as this hint about the justice went, it was *all fudge*, and that he did not care a straw about Joe Focus, or any of his friends; in fact, sir, I understand that Mr. Blue was the only person who took up Darbey's side warmly, and that he actually worked without a fee

all through. There was certainly another person in court who showed himself openly opposed to me, and that was Halter Sourphiz, who behaved in the rudest manner on every occasion, throwing all kinds of obstacles in my way, as far as regards the routine of filing, affidavits, &c.

However, sir, I employed the first-rate men of the bar : my leading council was no less than the attorney-general ; and even my junior was not, as is usual, a *goose* of a young fellow, but a lawyer of very great practice, and acknowledged ability. But, sir, I might as well have defended the case myself ;—conclusive argument—common sense—common law—justice—every thing, sir, upon which I relied, was, as my friend Curran would have said, “ *solved and melted in the breath that issued from the mouth* ” of Hocus Focus Darbey and Mr. Blue. Some hidden power appeared to be at work, and judgement after judgement was delivered against me. Oh, it’s all nonsense, Mr. Editor, this Darbey was in league with the d—l. What do you think, sir, was the very first judgement ; you may recollect the expression in the act of parliament before alluded to, namely, *The Board of Jobbers*. Well, sir, this was apparently an insurmountable barrier to Darbey’s views ; but quite a mistake, sir. The court of “ *As We Please*,” by the ingenuity of Mr. Blue, and the hard swearing of Hocus Focus Darbey, and God knows what else, came to the conclusion, the definite article “ *The*,” meant, in this case, nothing more or less, than the indefinite article “ *A*,” and that the reading *should be*, “ *A Board of Jobbers* ;” in fact, sir, they made out, by some logic or other, that Darbey’s jobbers had a right to vote ; now, sir, there were even other jobbers, besides those five brought up by Darbey ; but whom it appears he could not prevail upon to accompany him to the Town Hall on the day of the election, but whose right to vote was included in this decision of the court. Then there arose a question, as to whether *all these* jobbers had been convened as directed by the act. *Darbey swore positively that they had* ; in fact, Mr. Editor, things went on step by step until he was fairly placed in the office, without ever having been elected to it.

His affidavits were contradicted in vain ; some *quibbling flaw* was always found in the contradiction. Speaking of his affidavits, Mr. Editor, it appeared to me as if he merely inquired of Mr. Blue, *what* it would be necessary for him to swear, then drew up the form—a mere matter of form—and kissed the book without the slightest hesitation. Touching perjury, sir, you recollect my Lord Bacon. “ For perjury, it is hard to say whether it be more odious to God or pernicious to man ; an oath, saith the Apostle, is the end of all controversies ; if, therefore, that *boundary of suits* be taken away or misplaced, where shall be the end ? ” Where shall be the end ? ay, Mr. Editor,

“ There’s the rub.”

“ *Boundary of suits*,” of course, cannot mean law suits, for they have no boundary. People may, indeed, sometimes cut them short ; but at the same time, they may, if they please, go on with them to the end of the world.

To conclude about this unfortunate case of mine, Mr. Editor, from

which I think you may draw pretty well the character of my opponent, it would be painful for me to repeat *all* the details

“ And circumstances of those anxious years
Of litigation, with its hopes and fears.”

Suffice it to say, sir, that I never suffered so much before, and, please the Fates, will never suffer so much again. When I was ousted from the office, sir, my counsel and friends wanted to persuade me that I had it in my power still to upset the usurper; but I turned, sir, with disgust from the thought; three years of persecution and torture were quite enough for me. However, sir, a kind friend of mine would insist on taking up the matter, and he is now in the middle of a suit, attempting to have me restored to my right. God knows, sir, how it will end; as for my own part, I have a vow in heaven, never to have any thing to do with law again, *if I can possibly help it*; for I have reason to curse the day I ever became entangled in its meshes with Hocus Focus Darbey, gentleman attorney.

I am, Mr. Editor, your obedient humble servant,

PETER MINIMUS.

TO A SPIRIT OF LIGHT.

My Spirit lowly bends to thine
With pure and hallow'd love,
Such as we feel before some shrine
Sanctified from above.

I love thee not with hopes of Earth,
Thine upward flight I would not stay;
Our common world has nought of worth
To lure thee from thy heaven-ward way!

When on that faultless face my glance first fell,
Thoughts wild and high awoke within my breast,
And though thy mortal form was visible,
The immortal Spirit, in it, was express'd.

Within the depths of thy pure eyes, methought
Feelings lay hid my soul had pined for long;
And their bright beam of brilliancy I caught,
Star floating o'er my heart's hush'd flood of song.

Yes! from the Spirit-world, thy golden gleam
Reflected in Thought's waters seems to lie;
Away! harsh tones which tell me that I dream,—
When dreams *like these* depart, 'tis time to die!

AZILE.

A GLIMPSE AT THE REIGN OF TERROR.

FOUQUIER TINVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

FIVE and forty years only have elapsed, and yet how few have any but a vague notion of the state of Paris, during the terrible dictatorship of Robespierre. History has recorded periods of proscription, during which nations and cities have trembled under the iron hand of a murderous despotism; but history records nothing to compare with the utter prostration of spirit under which that mighty city groaned during what has been, with a frightful truth, called the Reign of Terror. For sixteen months had nearly half a million of human beings,—brave as the bravest upon earth, alive to all human sympathies, high in intellectual acquirements, and who, through scenes of bloodshed and unheard-of struggles, had conquered freedom,—for sixteen months had they bowed down to the dust before a being whom they scorned and hated, even while they trembled; a being so vile and so degraded, that, even in a nation of “braves,” he did not possess the bull-dog’s virtue—courage. Surrounded by his myrmidons, the St. Justs, the Couthons, the Payans, and the Amars,—backed by the power of the ferocious Henriot, and by the influence of the Mayor Lescot,—his domination seemed interminable, and none of all that living mass dared raise a hand against him: nor, till in the fulness and recklessness of undisputed power he presumed to strike at a woman whose only crime was the having excited something like human sympathies in the heart of one of his own proconsuls, dared even a murmur to make itself heard within the walls of the Convention. Mad with rage, that Mdme. de Fontenai, during Tallien’s mission to Bordeaux, should have dared to exercise her influence over him for the preservation of some few victims, his fiat went forth: Mdme. de Fontenai was consigned to a dungeon, and Tallien read his own doom.

The imprisonment of Mdme. de Fontenai occurred during the latter part of July, 1794, or, according to the calendar of those days, in the beginning of Thermidor. It was on the 7th of that month, shortly after darkness, or rather that sort of twilight which characterizes evening at the approach of autumn, had set in,—and at about the hour when in ordinary times the streets of Paris are thronged by multitudes who seek in its public places and promenades a relaxation from the labours of the day,—that the cry of “*à moi,*” was heard by the inhabitants of a house in the Rue de l’Echelle, a small street near the Tuileries, connecting the Rue St. Honoré with the Rue de Rivoli. At that time, however, the locality was utterly deserted after nightfall, and the silence only broken by the occasional tramp of the municipal guard; its “*Qui va la?*” as some stragglers crossed its path; or by the lumbering noise of the open carts, in which, during night, victims were transferred from one prison to another. Those who know Paris only since the peace of 1814, can form no idea of the state of the Rue de l’Echelle in 1794;—at all times gloomy enough in itself, it had, at that time, the appearance of the very centre of desolation. Its vicinity to the

Tuileries had rendered it formerly the residence of many of that portion of the nobility, whose duties required their attendance at court, but who were not sufficiently opulent to support a separate hotel. This order, however, having been swept away by the progress of the Revolution, with it had gone all symbols of the pomp that accompanied it; and unfitted for the residence of the less ostentatious class that had succeeded, the vast and monotonous chambers into which those residences were divided, had been long since abandoned; and save that in its battered doors and broken window frames it bore evidence of many a recent strife, to the inexperienced eye it had the appearance of having been abandoned for centuries. From its chimneys no smoke was seen to arise,—no light gleamed from its casements,—none were seen to enter its doors—or only such as, creeping noiselessly along, slunk behind its huge portals to seek a nightly shelter from homelessness and misery and want. But even they were few; humbler tenements, alike deserted—and they existed in abundance—were found to afford a better and more congenial refuge; and to the very five-livre men or “batonniers” of Robespierre, the place was thought to be utterly tenantless.

To the remnant of one family, however, these desolate mansions had afforded a better protection from the searching eye of tyranny than could have been found in the more busy haunts of the habitable city. Madame d’Elbœuf, in the day of her adversity, had recalled the facilities afforded for concealment in a suite of rooms she had once occupied, and the vicinity of the Rue de l’Echelle to the Tuileries rather encouraged than deterred her from again taking possession of them, from the conviction that one like herself, “*hors la loi*,” was little likely to be suspected of having taken up her abode in the very midst of her enemies. In this place, then, she had resided unsuspected and unknown, for many months; her niece Eugénie the sole companion of her solitude, the only solace of her wearisome hours. Bound together by mutual danger as well as by ties of blood—then when youth and age, innocence and guilt, boyhood and girlhood, trembled alike—their hours had passed noiselessly and monotonously away; and they looked forward almost with hope, through long exemption from personal danger, for the day when they might again appear, and take their station in that world they had so entirely abandoned. And well did the beautiful Eugénie, trained up as she had been to every luxury and indulgence, fulfil the duties she had imposed upon herself, and perform all the little domestic offices which their situation imperatively forbade them entrusting to any other, whilst to an unseen hand they were indebted for the daily supply of their humble wants, without which existence would have been impossible.

As little acquainted with Paris as if their lives had been passed in some far distant land, had they possessed the means of procuring the necessaries of life, they would have been unable to have availed themselves of them; but funds they had none, and the little jewellery that remained from the wreck of their fortunes, even could they have ventured to risk the disposal of it, would have afforded relief but for a few days. How they had subsisted was a mystery to themselves, though each had her own theory upon the subject, if both were not

equally communicative. But a few hours had elapsed after they had ventured on their asylum, a small ill-lighted room on the second floor, and they were yet trembling in the fear of having been observed, when a slight tap was heard at the door of the apartment. In silence and darkness, and shrinking into each other's arms, unable from trepidation to have answered the summons had they been so disposed, they awaited its repetition, almost in the certainty that if unnoticed a second time it would be forced with violence; hours, however, passed on, and all was silent as the grave. In the terrors of that moment neither had thought of repose, but with the first dawn of day Eugénie, summoning all her courage, had ventured tremulously to uncloset the door, when the first object that presented itself was a small dark-coloured wicker basket: at first she hesitated to possess herself of it; but a moment's reflection sufficed to convince her that, if evil were meditated, indirect measures to compass it in their unprotected state were little necessary, and she determined on an examination of its contents. Having again cautiously closed the door, her eye fell on a slip of writing couched in the following terms: "The eye that has traced you to this last refuge will still watch over you. On no pretext quit it, even for an instant. Under present circumstances little can be, but that little shall be, done for you. To-morrow at the same hour the same supply shall be furnished you. Your safety must depend upon yourselves; but be cautious, and fear not." Within were found all necessities for their support; and during the many weary months that had passed since that night, it had rarely happened that the writer had not kept his word; and thus, amidst the famine that was at times stalking around them, they had hitherto been preserved from absolute want.

To Madame d'Elbœuf, accustomed through life to the world's luxuries, without a thought of inquiry whence they came, the assiduous services of their unknown protector had only occasioned a passing surprise; and, indeed, so little grateful was she, that no expression of a wish had escaped her lips to acknowledge the service in person; had she had the opportunity of doing so, she would, instead, have probably imposed some more arduous duty with the same indifference and the same consciousness of right, as if she were still moving in the sumptuous galleries of her king. "For," the tenor of her conversation would run, "if he were a gentleman of birth he would have made himself known to them; not having done so, he could but belong to that other class from whom, to such as herself, service was due; and however acceptable that service, she saw nothing so extraordinary in it as to merit the condescension of even her thanks." Poor lady! she knew she was in danger, but much more was unknown to her; and she little thought, during her concealment, of the changes that had been wrought in things around her. Not so the lovely Eugénie; though, like her aunt, unacquainted with all that had occurred, she had sufficient knowledge of passing events to be well aware at what peril their unknown friend, whoever he might be, afforded them such assistance; she had, moreover, a lurking motive with which she hardly dared to trust herself, for imagining that he was actuated by some stronger inducement than mere humanity towards two helpless women;

and the anxiety with which she looked for some event which might serve to enlighten her, to destroy her hopes, or fulfil her anticipations, had become almost a passion. Days, weeks, months, however, rolled on in their monotonous course, and still the unknown had taken no step to manifest his presence. Stealthily he came and stealthily he departed; and maidenly reserve, or a higher principle of proud honour, deterred her from any measure by which she might herself have penetrated the mystery. Strange though it may seem, during all this time no suspicion crossed the mind of either, that being in the power of another, he might at any moment betray them; and whatever were her own consciousness, Eugénie felt as much confidence as if he had been intimately known to her.

Mdme. d'Elbœuf was one of that class who have since been designated by Napoleon, as having learnt nothing and forgotten nothing; the storm of the Revolution had swept away king, queen, nobles, wealth, rank, station; from having been the denizen of a court, flattered, courted and obeyed, she had become an outcast, and yet she clung to her early prejudices and pretensions, with an infatuation amounting to folly: seeing the wild tempest around her, she yet lived in the conviction that, when it should subside, all would relapse into the same happy state of pride and pomp and luxury for the rich, and submission and serfdom to the titled from the nameless and the poor; nor could she, for a moment, entertain a doubt that the regeneration so devoutly wished, would bring with it the sweets of a bitter revenge. She was a woman of strong passions, though they were with difficulty aroused. Her life, until the breaking out of the revolution, had been one unvaried routine of etiquette and display, during which she had taught herself to curb the impulses of her nature, until it might be said that all had centred in that *amour propre*, the essence of which is but insufficiently conveyed by the English expression self-love. Early separated from her husband, who held a high command in the royal army, she had consented, almost without a pang, that her only son should accompany him in his duties to some garrison far from the capital; and when the fatal decision was taken to assist, with an armed force, the American insurgents against the mother country, the intelligence of their departure on that expedition no way discomposed her, or interfered with the performance of her duties at the palace. A mother's pride would at times indeed break through this unnatural restraint, when occasional reports reached her of the distinction which the young D'Elbœuf had acquired in arms; but, indifferent to the fate of her husband, from whom she had been so long estranged, she was spared the natural agony which would have accompanied the knowledge of her son's fate, by the uncertainty in which it was enveloped; though her heart had long settled down into the conviction that his bones rested afar off, in the field of battle, with those of his father. Alone, therefore, in the world, she had adopted the gentle Eugénie, then budding into womanhood, her natural pride being excited by the adulation which her sister's daughter commanded in the train of the young queen; and though the misfortunes of the royal pair trod too fast on the heels of each other, to enable her to avail herself of her knowledge and experience in the establishment of her niece, the belief

was still strong upon her that she would form a high alliance ; and so ignorant was she of the signs of the times, that she would even, at the moment of which we write, have scorned to unite her family with any one beneath the high nobility of the land.

The beautiful girl, herself, whose unsophisticated nature had not been subjected to the contagion of courts sufficiently long to be perverted, meekly bore with the querulous intemperance with which her aunt, at times, vented her vindictive spirit ; to whose aspirations for happier days she responded only by a silent prayer, not unaccompanied by misgivings at variance with the sincerity of her faith in its fulfilment. Events were, however, about to occur, which brought with them a momentous change, and one which called into action all the powers of her mind, and at once scattered all doubts and misgivings to the wind in a terrible certainty. The cry of "*à moi*," "*à la garde*," was again heard, and again reached the ears of the two lonely beings whom we have thus slightly introduced to the reader : it was accompanied by a pistol shot and a clashing of swords, followed by a confusion of voices from which nothing could be gathered ; as the combatants, if such they were, seemed to retreat towards the Rue St. Honoré, and then all was again hushed. But their protector came not ! Moody imaginings flitted across the mind of Eugénie, deeper and more intense than the hunger which now began to menace them. Still neither dared to venture even to the lattice, or take any measure to inform themselves of the cause of his absence : a presentiment of coming evil somehow or other connected with the alarm that had reached their ears, alone held dominion over their spirits, until it seemed that, without some desperate effort, the two sufferers must perish together.

CHAPTER II.

Meanwhile they had not been forgotten ; but that which had before been sufficiently difficult and only accomplished with risk, had now become impossible. On the evening of the alarm to which we have referred, a man of somewhat stately demeanour was observed to turn down the Rue de l'Echelle ; he had stood a moment at the fountain, to the right of which branches out the Petite Rue St. Roch, as if hesitating which direction he should take, and as if, at length, he had satisfied himself of the greater silence, and obscurity of the Rue de l'Echelle. He walked like one anxious to be unobserved. It appeared, however, that in the obscurity his steps were dogged, for he had scarcely gone half the length of the street when he was beset by a party, apparently determined to make his life a sacrifice to some of the wild passions which then held dominion over men's minds, but his acute ear and ready eye, even in that obscurity, had prepared him for a struggle ; before they could close in upon him, and, simultaneous with the wild cry which he sent forth for assistance, he stood prepared for the worst. A shot, from a pistol which he drew from the belt concealed beneath his coat, had already brought one of his assailants to the ground, and he was yet unhurt, when a new comer joined in the *melée* ; this was apparently a very young man, and

whence he came, in the confusion and darkness, it was impossible for either party to perceive; his presence seemed at first to stagger both, but he took the weaker side, and it was soon felt that he wielded his weapon as one who had been accustomed to its exercise in other combats than those of civil strife; his steady determination rendered the first assailant to whom he was opposed, although a much more powerful man, no match for him, and his opponent was soon stretched on the ground. The combat had now become more equal; and it gradually approached that end of the street which terminates in the Rue St. Honoré; it was still, however, carried on with as much sanguinary determination as at first by the assailants, when the distant tramp of the municipal guard giving sudden notice of its approach, they retreated as silently as they had made their attack, their object unaccomplished.

"Sacristie," said the younger of the two, as they emerged into the more public Rue St. Honoré, "I came not a moment too soon, citizen; those gentlemen seemed not to have been very ceremonious of their welcome." To this address, made in a frank, cordial tone, the elder offered no reply, and appeared by his silence to have no very grateful sense of the service so opportunely rendered him—his companion, however, attributing it to any but the real cause, added, in a more serious tone, "But, allow me to hope you have received no serious hurt, or that, if you have, you will accept of my poor service to the nearest surgeon. I fear," continued he, as his companion still doggedly held his tongue, "that you have not come off as uninjured as myself,"—he was unconscious that, while yet speaking, they had got into the midst of the guard, nor was he apprized of the fact until his companion, for the first time breaking silence and addressing the party, in the peculiar *argot* of the day denounced him, and directed them to make his preserver their prisoner. Paris, badly enough lighted at all times, was, at the period referred to, almost in darkness save near to an occasional *corps de garde*. It chanced, however, that this rencontre took place almost under one of those *réverbères* which offer, even now, in the first city of the world,—as the Parisians modestly delight to term it—an apology for street lamps. Hitherto the young man had not caught a glimpse of his companion's face, and, in the sincerity of his anxiety had been more interested for his safety than inquisitive as to his person. At this unexpected return for so signal a service, he, at once, "*le fixait*," as the French term it, and with a steady gaze, in which surprize and astonishment seemed to prevail over resentment, looked into the face of one whose unabashed audacity never yet shrunk beneath the eye of man, the pale, melancholy, but not ignoble face of Fouquier Tinville. Fouquier bore his gaze for a moment, added, "*J'arrête cet homme comme suspect, et surtout, citoyens, n'oubliez pas de faire son raptage*," and then strode hastily away.

"Suspect," is a simple word; translate it into what language you may, it conveys no meaning to make the innocent tremble; but to the Frenchman of 1794, how frightful was its import! The horrible law to which that word had given a name, decreed by the Convention, on the proposition of Merlin de Donai, shortly after the assassination

of Marat, had covered the whole surface of France with dungeons, and deluged her scaffolds with blood. Under that indefinite term, "suspect,"—genius, talents, eminence of every station, wealth and respectability, childhood, girlhood, and womanhood, might be identified with the aristocrat and the enemy of freedom, and were alike given over to the tender mercies of vengeance, cupidity, or caprice: nor is it an exaggeration, but a melancholy truth, that, so illimitable was the extent of offences constituted by its interpretation, that it was defined to include even those who were "under suspicion of being suspected;" and, as if to extinguish the hope of safety from its operation, it was furthermore decreed that, even if acquitted, the accused could not obtain liberty but with the consent of the Committee of Public Safety. Slight as was the evidence that sufficed for a judgement from which there was no appeal, a means had been found to dispense with that also; for should the victim seek safety in concealment or flight, he was declared *hors la loi*,—thus, being at the mercy of any common stabber; and if taken, proof of identity was all that was required to send him to the scaffold. Add to this frightful picture, that the revolutionary committees, established by the law of the 22nd of March, 1793, each charged with its execution, exceeded in number forty thousand, at an annual expense of six hundred millions of francs, and the fearful import of the word "suspect," will appear in all its hideous deformity.

Fully sufficient, then, as was Fouquier's denunciation to strike terror into the boldest heart, the young man did not the less resign his sword with a bold bearing, and accompanied his guard with a buoyant step, and a firmness of purpose little suited, it seemed, to one about to exchange liberty for a prison, and a prison for a violent death: but, too well acquainted with the usages of the time not to know that he should be in the first place conveyed to the *corps de garde*, he felt that he had yet a stake to throw, and he had in his own mind resolved to throw it boldly. Once incarcerated, he felt that he was irremediably lost, but until actually within side a prison, his name and reputation, he still hoped, might avail him. The officer on duty was himself a young man, and on the entry of the patrol with their prisoner, he was engaged in adjusting an enormous tri-coloured scarf, and hardly condescended to raise his eyes, much less to concern himself with so common an occurrence. He was habited in the usual extravagant costume affected by ultra revolutionists, and his face was shaded by an enormous triple plume. Biding his time, and well knowing that his fate depended on the impression he could make on the officer,—conscious, moreover, upon how slight an occurrence an evil disposition may be excited or a good one changed,—the prisoner was resolved not to intrude his presence, but to await the effect it might produce when recognized. The officer meanwhile having withdrawn to that portion of the *corps de garde*, set apart for his more particular duties, as captain of the guard, separated only by a slight bar from the body of the building, in which was a small desk with pen, ink, and paper,—he prepared to make the necessary perquisitions; having therefore taken his seat, he for the first time looked towards the prisoner, as he inquired his name, to which the latter replied frankly and without hesitation, "Pierre Daubancourt." Their eyes met but for a

moment, and the surprise was mutual, for the glance which was exchanged between them was one of recognition, though too slight to be perceptible beyond themselves. For sensible of the expediency of duplicity, and the fatal effects of an appearance of sympathy, with one in Daubancourt's situation, the officer at once suppressed all appearance of interest; whilst, on his side, the prisoner exercised sufficient controul over his feelings to allow no look or gesture to escape him which might lead others to suspect that they had ever met before.

The few formal queries were methodically made and answered; the patrol was again discharged to its duties; under one pretext or other the guard-house was gradually cleared of those not on actual duty, and the two were left by themselves. Daubancourt was the first to break silence. "Duval," said he, "I have, without an effort, resigned myself into your hands; it was my intention to have exhibited my credentials of civism, to have maintained a bold face in right of my known republican principles, and to have exercised that influence I am known to possess in my own section, even against the ferocious Fouquier; with another than yourself, I should have done this, content to have abided by its consequences; as it is, I am your prisoner, and it is for you to decide, if you will send me to the scaffold." A slight shadow passed over the countenance of Duval at the mention of Fouquier, as he replied, in terms colder than Daubancourt had anticipated—"You are, then, Fouquier's prisoner; I did not know that."—"From you, at least," observed Daubancourt, "I did not expect this deference for such a name. Time was, and that not very long since, when I believed you would have eagerly seized an opportunity to disappoint him of a victim; if, however, the very name has now curdled your blood, send me to my fate; I will not disgrace the name I have acquired. I know well I am now in your hands; a victim more or less matters little in these days of blood, but I will own that I had rather not have owed my death to your fears."—"Daubancourt," replied Duval solemnly, "the bonds which unite us both in one common cause should have preserved me from such a taunt; personally, I believe, I fear neither Fouquier nor any other man; though to fear him, in this season of universal terror, were only to share the infirmity of braver hearts than mine; and to convince you that I do not fear him, in the sense conveyed in a taunt which I must think unworthy of you, you are free; be the consequence on my own head! If I shrunk at the name of Fouquier, it was from other causes, as you will avow when a reckoning shall be demanded of me on your account: for assuredly he will not forget to require you at my hands." Struck by the solemnity of his address, as well as by the generosity of the sacrifice it tendered, Daubancourt, by one of those sudden revulsions of feeling to which youth is subject, became at once as anxious to resume his bondage, under every consequence, as but a minute before he had been desirous of escaping from it: the full effect of his friend's devotion presented itself to him, for, in Fouquier's estimation, to connive at an evasion was equivalent to a conspiracy against the republic: his reply, therefore, partook of all the active energy of his character. "Duval, I beg of you to pardon my intemperate rashness; if there must be a victim, it is my lot, and you shall risk no danger for me. I

will leave this place only for my prison ; but, had I known for whom I was perilling life, I should deserve such a fate as I might have expected from the hands of a monster destitute of every sense of humanity, and the tiger might have perished in the toils of his hunters for me. The best proof of my sense of your high-minded generosity is that I thus speak of him before you ; but this very night he owes his life to my hands.”—“ I know it,” said Duval ; “ I know it well ; and therefore was it that an involuntary shudder came over me at your first mention of his name. That one word explained all to me. You it was who interfered in the Rue de l’Echelle to save him ; and but for you he had been at this moment stiff and stark, and in no case to harm either of us.” Daubancourt stood amazed ; he had not mentioned the Rue de l’Echelle. “ Listen to me, then,” continued his companion,—but ere he spoke he cast a keen look round the chamber in which they stood, as though he doubted the very walls had ears—went to the door, opened it, looked out to the right and to the left, and returning turned the key withinside. “ Your influence with your section has been pledged, and I in my own station have been committed body and soul to the struggle that must come ere long ; of the result of that struggle I have scarcely a doubt, but its end must be bloody, and it is impossible to foresee who may fall ; the course of a leaf upon the stream, the turn of a die, the passage of a cloud, may be relied upon with as much certainty as the passions of that populace, on whose disorganization all parties rely for their chief support ; and if we perish, with us perish all we love, for well we know the power with whom we have to contend knows not the name of mercy. To see this our beautiful France once more released from the thralldom of these bloody men, and her energies, now turned against herself, once more devoted to her own exaltation in all the beauty of her young freedom, is the guerdon for which such as we consent to peril life in this coming strife of death. I, for one, could have consented to bide my time ; but Robespierre, Fouquier, have struck at me here, here in my heart—a random blow, it is true, and aimed at another, at Tallien—but I am not one of those who will sit calmly down even in such stupor as now oppresses us, and see those I love best sent to their graves without striking a blow. No, Daubancourt, it was I, who this night struck at Fouquier ; I have missed my blow, and to-morrow Mdme. de Fontenai appears before the Tribunal ; my arm is paralyzed, and my last stake is thrown away ; but you have influence and power that I have not. I cannot expect you to feel for Mdme. de Fontenai as I feel ; to me she is more than a mother. I am a Bordelais, Daubancourt, and to her interference I owe it that I have mother, brother, father, all—for she saved all. One life sacrificed for her would be but a poor acknowledgment of the mighty debt I owe ; that life I would as readily lay down for her, as she exercised her humanity for me and mine—but I can no longer serve her ; you can, at least, either by precipitating the crisis, or by such other means as may suggest themselves to you, strive to influence her destiny : will you aid her ? I have poured out my whole heart before you ; I have laid bare the workings of my secret soul ; I speak not of your having stepped between me and my purpose—I speak only to your feelings ; if you have any being upon earth that you love—any tie that binds you

to humanity, think of Fouquier's sneer as he rends that tie, and sends that being to a fearful death, clutching an additional enjoyment from the knowledge that the pang he inflicts ends not with the life he destroys, but is prolonged in the heart of all by whom the dear one is treasured. Promise me, that you will exert your energies in the attempt to rescue Mdme. de Fontenai—no matter how. That Tallien will seek to avenge her I doubt not; but revenge will not restore her to life, if to-morrow she goes to the Tribunal." Again Daubancourt's resolves were staggered. During the whole of this address he had stood with his fine dark eye fixed on the speaker; at first bewildered by the suddenness of the disclosure, his feelings gradually warmed at the enthusiasm with which Duval spoke, until the last final appeal to his sympathies overcame what, but a moment before, had been his settled resolve; and he yielded, though far from being impressed with the conviction that any effort he could make would be of any avail. With a melancholy look of stern resolution he gave utterance to the feelings that were striving within him. "Averse as I am to bloodshed, save in a fair field and open battle, believe me," he said, "Duval, I would not have stepped between you and your wild justice, but for the darkness which shrouded your intended victim: for that I owe you something—for the sacrifice you are making for me I feel I owe much also—and I owe you much for the confidence you have reposed in me; in return I accept the freedom you offer me, and I accept it, in the full determination to supply to the extent of my power that aid to Mdme. de Fontenai of which your generous self-devotion will deprive her. On my own part I am beset by many anxieties, for others more than myself; for, think you, it is from any vile love of popularity, any unworthy craving of power, that I have condescended to breathe the tainted air of the polluted and blood-hunting slaves with whom it has been my curse of late to associate? think you, I participate in their low and mercenary designs? I have sought them that they might be my instruments for higher and nobler purposes. I have learnt to pamper them with their unmeaning jargon of equality, and freedom, and rights of man. I have shared in their orgies, I have exercised over them the powers of mind with which it has pleased Nature to gift me, because I believed the time might come when I should be called to a stern trial with my destiny, and I would not rush into the *melée* unprepared. Of the alliance which I have made with those who are plotting for the overthrow of the hideous dictatorship under which our common country groans, I have entered into it with the conviction that any change must better us; but I frankly own that I fear we shall, at best, but conquer a change of tyrants, bloodthirsty as our present ones, and sincere only in the fears they entertain of a power greater than their own. At worst I can but perish; and, like yourself, I would not perish without a blow; but, tell me, in which of our two score prisons is Mdme. de Fontenai?"—"In l'Abbaye."—"Au Secret?"—"I know not. I have not dared to hold communion with her, and it was without her knowledge that I had resolved on my own course of 'wild justice.' I believed that if Fouquier, who not three hours since received Robespierre's decision on her fate, were dead, a few days might be gained; meanwhile I entertained hopes from the course of

events."—"To the Abbaye, then, I go; so soon as its gates are opened, I believe I can gain access; meanwhile, other matters press upon me; but, if I live, you shall see me again; say in the Place Dauphin, at ten to-morrow night; here you will not, of course, remain. God bless you, Duval! and may we die like men, if we never meet again." Duval made no answer; he pressed the hand of Daubancourt fervently, moved towards the door, turned the key, and the prisoner was free. He lingered there only long enough to see his friend safely in the distance; then closing it behind him, walked stealthily away.

Daubancourt's first steps were directed to the Rue de l'Echelle; but the avenue entering on to the Rue St. Honoré was guarded, and sentinels were evidently posted the whole length of the street; he passed on to the entrance of the Petite Rue St. Roch, turned down that street, and reached the other end of the Rue de l'Echelle; that was guarded also. He dared not wait even to look around him, but, with a heavy and desponding heart, passed on.

CHAPTER III.

Could the motive for Fouquier's inhuman return for the service so signally rendered him have been ascertained, it would probably have been found to lie no deeper than in the wish to rid himself of an unfortunate companion, and one who might, perhaps, at some future time, have laid claim to his good offices; it is natural moreover to suppose that he was desirous that the attempt on his life should remain unknown: and such, in all likelihood, would have been the case but for the searching glance with which Daubancourt had regarded him on being given into custody; evidently recognized and thwarted in his intention, his fiendish nature was aroused, and he uttered the more terrible denunciation recorded in our last chapter.

Turning away, Fouquier, in the full conviction that his prisoner was secure, slowly paced along the Rue St. Honoré, his thoughts naturally reverting to the danger which he had so miraculously escaped. Conscious as he was that his hand was against every man, it could not surprise him that every man's hand should be against him; yet hitherto such was the terror of his name, that although, as we have seen, he always went provided against every emergency, no overt act had yet been hazarded that could induce the belief that there was yet daring enough remaining in the prostrate spirit of his country to venture an attempt against the life of one of her most remorseless tyrants. That the spirit of resistance was not even yet effectually crushed down and extinguished he had now had sufficient proof, and whilst, in the sternness of his nature, he revolved in his mind means for the exercise of his almost unlimited power, in a more exterminating vengeance, such were the inconsistencies of the man's character that he trembled while he recklessly resolved.

Brutally determined in action, and apparently reckless of all consequences, the very disgusting ribaldry with which Fouquier exercised the functions of his office was, nevertheless, but the convulsive effort of a disordered mind to shake off the image of a fearful death, which perpetually haunted him. In the retirement of his solitary hours, he was

went to resign himself to misgivings, and was the victim of an oppression which beset him like a night-mare ; his mind at such seasons was so prostrate and broken, that its aberrations would verge on insanity ; then would he appear to hold commune with the world of spirits, and his victims would seem to arise in hideous array to pull him down to the torments of a frightful eternity. Still, on he went in his career of crime.

It was by a strong effort of the will that Fouquier now struggled with the fiend : he felt his coming influence, and for once resolved to shake him off ; he braced his nerves to the encounter, took a more hurried step, set his teeth, drew his breath hard, as though to drink in the night air would cool the fire within, waved his arms in the loneliness, and fixed his eyes resolutely on some obscure object, in the determination not to encounter those of his visionary tormentor. At length he felt sufficiently himself to resolve on a course, which he would probably have adopted at first but for the temporary prostration of his spirit. Calling to mind the spot on which he had been attacked, he naturally conjectured that his assailants had been concealed somewhere in the deserted Rue de l'Echelle ; and thinking it possible that they might have returned to their concealment, his first step had been to place a strong guard on that street : the same which had so disconcerted Daubancourt on his escape from the *corps de garde*. The bodies slain in the encounter having, however, by this time been removed, he was convinced that the principal had escaped ; and this conviction led him to ponder more seriously on the probability of the attempt being renewed. Considerable fermentation, moreover, had been known to exist for some days in the clubs, and Robespierre had been heard to speak in obscure and enigmatical sentences, no way assuring for his followers. Having therefore taken such steps as he considered necessary for putting his blood-hounds on the scent, he retired to his secret lair with a full determination neither to present himself at the Tribunal, nor to appear in public, for at least the succeeding twenty-four hours. For at a time when few dared trust their dearest friends, it will not seem strange that he should have had some doubts of Robespierre himself, whose conduct had already given umbrage to many of the party he had so long led in their career of slaughter ; he had the example of Danton, the Brissotins, and the federalists before him, as a warning that no tie was held sacred by the monster, whatever object stood in the way of his policy or of his caprice.

In the retirement of his chamber, Fouquier's usual depression returned ; then, as ever, was he given over to the hell of his own thoughts, now aggravated by a thousand misgivings, prompted by its suggestions ; at one moment he contemplated ridding himself of his torment by self-destruction, and then again he would yield himself up to the indulgence of his natural ferocity, and meditate further vengeance : so passed the night, during which he had scarcely given a thought on the man to whom he was indebted for life ; but with the day came the intelligence that he had escaped, and with him the man on whom he had relied for his safe keeping. At all times reluctant to lose his hold of a victim, and clutching it tenaciously to the last, where no personal motive interfered, he was now excited to a species of

fury ; that *he* should have escaped ! *his* prisoner ! one whom he had *himself* denounced ! and he at once determined on himself probing the mystery of his appearance at such a juncture. Events will prove that he was but too successful.

The occurrences of the 8th Thermidor are matter of history. Robespierre had been down to the Jacobins, and had attempted to rouse the evil passions which were always in the ascendant in that society ; all Paris was in a state of combustion ; the sections were under arms, and their various leaders at their post ; anxiety was depicted upon the countenances of her citizens, who, though aware that events were taking an ominous turn, were hardly conscious of their extent or direction : amidst these demonstrations it may be supposed Daubancourt was not idle, independent of another pursuit in which he had been engaged ; he had, as he promised at the *corps de garde*, obtained at the Abbaye a confirmation of Duval's fears, as regarded Mdme. de Fontenai ; the fatal mark was indeed against her name on the *ecrou* of that prison, but there was no other indication that any further decision had been come to on her fate. That day Fouquier came not to the Tribunal ; hours wore on, and Dumas and Coffinhal, bewildered by the knowledge of passing events, and unable to account for his absence, at length determined on the adjournment of the court.

On Daubancourt's return he had found it hardly possible to restrain his section from throwing itself into the streets. An adept in that species of extemporaneous eloquence which was the characteristic of the demagogues of his day, and unable as he was to decide on what course to pursue, he availed himself of the influence which its exercise procured him to induce them to delay yet a little longer, and be governed by whatever circumstances might arise. He pointed out to them that a rising without the certainty of a corresponding movement on the part of other sections could only entail upon them certain defeat and utter destruction ; he dwelt on the necessity of striking a blow which should at once and for ever secure that liberty of which Frenchmen always talk most when most oppressed by the iron hand of tyranny, but he cautiously abstained from any distinct avowal against which side of the contending factions he considered that the blow should be struck. He knew well the inflammatory materials of which they were composed, and he feared by an incautious word to compromise the cause to which he had pledged himself. One third of the members at least were terrorists, and in their eyes any overt act which was likely to involve the safety of Robespierre and his followers in the Convention would have been an act of treason, for which they would have instantly declared for open insurrection. Daubancourt's only hope was in the hour of action, and for that he reserved himself. A thousand instances had proved to him the truth of Duval's remark, how mere a straw, driven by every gust, is popular caprice ; and when that hour arrived he did not despair of being able to turn events to such an account as to direct the storm against which he felt it would be vain, at any time, singly to contend. During these trying moments, however, no exertions were spared for the attainment of such information as could be procured, but nothing had yet occurred sufficiently decisive to govern him ; when at length information was received that a tumultuous assemblage had

debouched from one of the streets leading into the Rue St. Honoré; of their object nothing was known; no rallying cry had been heard by which their intentions could be judged, nor could any thing be learned from the informant as to their means of offence; that they were armed, was the extent of his knowledge, but in those days no mob went unarmed. By whatever feeling he might have been actuated, this intelligence had its effect on Daubancourt; he cautiously examined his pistols, and without evincing the interest he felt, directed, an immediate advance upon the point indicated: it was enough that something was to be done, and he was followed with boisterous alacrity. Having at the head of his troop threaded some of the intricate avenues which led thither, he at length arrived on the scene of disturbance. The Rue St. Honoré was thronged, and confusion was at its height; but Daubancourt saw at once that it was not a regular *emeute*; there was evidently no organization in the vast crowd, and "*à la lanterne! à bas les aristocrates!*" were the only distinct sounds that reached him; still they were enough to realize his worst fears, and pressing forward in firm array, he soon found himself in the midst of the confusion, where some half dozen of the regular municipal guard were contending against overwhelming numbers for the preservation of two female prisoners, who, fainting and exhausted, were hemmed in on every side. A rude hand was already on the younger of the two, who, with rent garments and dishevelled hair, was clinging to her more aged companion, as Daubancourt, having cleared every obstacle, made his way into the throng. A blow from the butt end of one of his pistols struck the ruffian to the ground; but the sight of her preserver did more than even the danger that menaced them, and the beautiful victim sunk senseless into his arms. Not unnerved, however, by this incident, his energies only seemed aroused to more activity: bearing his inanimate burthen on one arm, he gave his directions with the calmness and deliberation of one utterly unconscious of danger, and adequate to every emergency; his first care being to place her companion in the hands of one on whom he could rely. This done, his next step was to clear the press, which he found less difficulty in accomplishing than he had anticipated; for the foremost of the rabble, finding their prey rent from their grasp, seemed little disposed to continue a useless struggle against a compact body, all armed to the teeth, and contented themselves with venting their rage and disappointment in execrations and curses. A more difficult task remained. The guard, to whose effective opposition of the infuriated rabble their prisoners were mainly indebted for preservation from an untimely fate, again laid claim to them. Luckily the resistance they had met with, while it had sufficed to warm the blood of his followers, had, to a certain extent, identified them with those whom they had been instrumental in saving, whilst their interest was excited for the younger of the two, still insensible and so beautiful. At another time, to have resisted their demand would have entailed effects upon themselves probably fatal; but Daubancourt felt himself too much committed not to go through with the work he had begun; and availing himself of the disposition he saw around him, peremptorily refused to deliver them up, holding himself responsible for their safe keeping, and taking upon himself all consequences. Applauding his resolve, and evidently de-

terminated on supporting it, the sectionaries, however, offered no molestation to the municipal guard, who, probably, not sorry at being relieved from an irksome duty, retired to render an account to their superiors. It was, therefore, not difficult for him so to arrange, under the pretext of the prisoners' requiring the attentions of their own sex, as to obtain their transfer from the custody of their liberators to hands less rude, and more befitting their situation and misfortunes.

By this time, but few stragglers of the crowd remained, who seemed to have followed more from motives of curiosity than with any other object; and these Daubancourt heeded not, as with two or three of the most trustworthy of his companions as an escort, he separated himself from the main body, and, instead of conveying them to the *violon** of his section, took a direction far away from the scene of contention.

It was not until safely lodged in an asylum, which, on the pressure of the moment, had suggested itself to Daubancourt, in the Rue J. J. Rousseau, that the younger of the two prisoners returned to anything like consciousness. Folded within his arms, he had borne her along almost without being aware of his burthen; her young and fragile form had lain helpless and inanimate in his arms, and her head had rested on his bosom; and now that she awoke to a sense of her escape, and saw who was kneeling beside her, and watching for the first returning hue upon her cheek, the pallor that had overspread her countenance suddenly gave place to a flush of deep crimson, as reverting to her disordered dress and the derangement of her person, she drew her long and dishevelled locks over her bosom, crossed her arms meekly, again half closed her eyes, and would willingly have relapsed into forgetfulness. Daubancourt uttered not a word, fully alive to the consciousness by which she was overwhelmed: with a delicacy which did violence to his feelings, he arose and withdrew. The severe and majestic figure of her companion, scarce deigning him a look, motioned him haughtily from the room. Need we say that in the two so opposed in nature and in bearing he had long since recognized Mdme. d'Elbœuf and her niece Eugénie, and that he was not unknown to them.

A prey to hunger and the agony of their own minds, they had in vain hoped for relief, and were on the point of abandoning themselves to their fate when an alarm, as of approaching footsteps, was heard; the house in which they had hitherto found refuge was evidently beset, and filled with men. This was Fouquier and his satellites. Not satisfied with the guard, which he had placed in the street, and which had rendered all communication with them impossible, as the first step in the determination to which he had come when we last left him, he had resolved on a search, which he was now conducting in person. Though silent in the extremity of their fear, and giving no indication by any movement of their presence, the chamber, which had for so many months protected them, could not long escape his search; and if it did not contain the objects he had expected, his acuteness came at once to the conclusion, that there was some connection between them. To his first interrogatories they had replied frankly: though alarmed by his presence, his person was unknown to them, and they were not suffi-

* The temporary place of imprisonment appropriated to each section.

ciently taken by surprise to lose that presence of mind by which they were enabled to give the fictitious name, which, since their troubles had overtaken them, they had adopted; but when he came to question them concerning the personage who was the object of his search, as they knew nothing, they could disclose nothing satisfactory; and it was in vain that he subjected them to that mental torture, which he knew so well how to apply. Enraged at what he at once set down to the account of obduracy, his natural ferocity burst forth, and in giving them over to the guard, with directions that they should be transferred to the Conciergerie, and thence brought before his tribunal, he did not forget to disclose to them his terrible name. His search was not yet, however, completed, and to this circumstance it was owing that he did not accompany them. The disturbed state of Paris, with her ferocious populace on the alert, will easily account for the mob from which it had been Daubancourt's good fortune to rescue them. They had scarcely gained the streets, when they were fallen in with by a party, who, in their then excited state, were but too glad to raise their usual murder-cry; and to that cry came hundreds, against whom the guard, to which Fouquier had committed them, could, as we have seen, offer but a feeble resistance.

Satisfied within himself of the safety in which his instrumentality had placed the being who was most dear to him, and whose condition from his inability after every effort to render her any assistance, had lain most oppressive on his mind, amidst all the exciting incidents of that day, Daubancourt hastened to rejoin his companions in arms, with an elasticity of spirit to which he had been for some time a stranger; another debt of gratitude had been added to those which he could urge in favour of his suit to the beautiful Eugénie, and one, by which he did hope the high-born pretensions and stern prejudices of her aunt might be overcome. Of their former station in society he knew nothing, he only knew that they had formerly moved in the highest circles of the court; and under whatever circumstances he had won the affections of her niece, he had not ever informed himself of her real name. Though rejected with disdain and contumely by her only friend and protector, and taunted with his presumption, and forbidden her presence, during many months they had been his principal care, and he it was who had watched over them in discouragement and unknown. But confident of the place he held in Eugénie's affections, and relying on her singleness of heart, he had never abandoned the hope of being one day admitted as an acknowledged suitor, and overcoming the difficulties which his condition in life alone seemed to present. It was in the indulgence of this day-dream, that he separated himself from her he loved, to engage in scenes to which his ardent nature scarcely allowed him to doubt of a successful result; his reveries were, however, doomed to a sudden termination, and one, from which he had every reason to augur consequences the most fatal to himself, and the object of his so anxious solicitude.

The asylum to which Daubancourt had conveyed her, the lovely Eugénie, was yet within sight, and he was in the act of turning into the Rue Coquillière, when he found himself surrounded and made prisoner by a party of the municipal guard, against whom all resistance would

have been hopeless; he at once conjectured that his steps had been followed, that his object was foiled, all he loved again in jeopardy, and that he was once more the prisoner of Fouquier Tinville.

CHAPTER IV.

The *générale* had been beaten—the tocsin had sounded over Paris—the forces of the commune were again at their post. The Committees of Public Safety and of General Welfare were distracted by a variety of counsels, each more violent than the preceding, and the opposing parties were waging a war of life and death within the walls of the Convention. It was the memorable 9th Thermidor: whilst the imperturbable Fouquier was in the exercise of his functions at the Palace of Justice, with the same sternness of purpose and the same deliberate cruelty as if his ferocious protectors were in their accustomed security, and the deepest calm still reigned over the guilty capital. Dumas had pronounced the condemnation of seventy-eight fresh victims, many of whom were females, for the suspension of whose execution even Samson* had ventured to plead, and had incurred Fouquier's rebuke for daring to interfere with "the course of justice." The immense corridors of the court were crowded by a promiscuous rabble, the off-scourings of the streets, and of every shade of political rivalry. Without the court the shouts and execrations of the contending parties indicated the coming convulsion, and within its very walls the tumult was raging with a fierceness which to another than Fouquier would have sufficed to check the course of all judicial proceedings. Still he held on. Contrary to the practice he had long since adopted of charging prisoners in the mass, or *par amalgame*, as it was termed in the prevailing slang, he seemed on this occasion to have resolved on the consummation of a more signal and deliberate outrage: on the appearance of fresh prisoners on the *gradins* of the court, a sneer of triumph seemed to overspread his countenance as he recognized Mdme. d'Elbœuf, her niece, and Daubancourt. He exchanged glances with his pot-companion, Coffinhal, and the sinister looking Dumas, the latter of whom proceeded to direct the reading of their act of accusation, charging them with being suspected of having conspired against the republic. On its completion, Fouquier turned with a look of exultation on Daubancourt, who, nothing daunted, demanded the proofs of any conspiracy. Fouquier and Coffinhal laughed outright. "If," continued Daubancourt, "to have saved the life of Fouquier Tinville be to have conspired against the state, to have wrested him from the hands of assassins at the peril of my own, be to have conspired, I then am guilty. If that man of blood have proofs beyond his mere assertion, let him produce them—let my judges, let the tribunes be told that I am not sent to the scaffold unheard, and my crime, if I have committed any, unrecorded. Of my connexion with these innocent beings near me, where is there any proof? for myself"—the bell of the president drowned his voice, and Fouquier rose. "Of that we shall see more anon!" and addressing the female prisoners; "That you

* The executioner.

have evinced a want of confidence in the humanity and justice of the republic, is sufficiently proved by your having been discovered concealed in the Rue de l'Echelle, and will satisfy your judges that you have therefore conspired against the law; it will be useless to deny your connexion with the prisoner, calling himself Daubancourt, who has dared so audaciously to address the court; and your acknowledgment of the extent of your connexion with him is the only course by which you can hope in any way to influence them in your favour." Turning to the prisoners addressed, Daubancourt said, "Let no consideration for me weigh with you; conceal nothing from the court; but let not the inducement which is held out to you, with no other motive than to give an appearance of probability to charges which my accuser knows to be unfounded, induce you to indulge in a hope that it will avail you. Our destruction is already doomed. "*Tais toi,*" exclaimed Coffinhal, while the president again rung his bell, "*tu n'a pas la parole!*" Fouquier continued, addressing the younger of the two, "You, Citoyenne! what is the name?" turning to an *associé* of the court, who whispered him, whilst he kept his feline glance still fixed on his prey; "ay! you Citoyenne Parisot, you of course know the prisoner who calls himself Daubancourt?" Women are always greatest in great emergencies. On entering the court, and seeing, for the first time, who was her fellow prisoner, a faintness had for a moment surprised her; but she had shaken it off, and now she shrunk not, but replied with firmness, "Do I know him? yes! I know him to be generous and brave; I know him to be the protector of innocence, and the friend of the distressed."—"Oh, yes! the protector of innocence—of *your* innocence!" interrupted Fouquier, catching at the word before her answer was even finished, with that insulting sneer with which he and his friend Coffinhal were wont to enliven the proceedings of their tribunal. The court laughed. The indignant colour rushed into the face of the insulted girl; "Send me to your scaffold," she burst forth—her utterance half choked by the sense of the indignity offered her; "in death I shall be at least secure from insults against which your court offers no protection."—"Monster!" exclaimed Daubancourt; but his voice was again drowned by Thoman's bell. "Oh, certainly, let her have her wish—let her to the scaffold, to which no one appeals here in vain," replied Fouquier; "her judges will see that her death is on her own head." Her companion had stood with an air of astonished bewilderment during the progress of this scene; she had hardly appeared conscious of her own peril, or that of those about her. Shut out as she had been for months from communion with the world, the events of the last few hours had flitted before her senses as in a dream. Death, though so active around her, had scarcely presented itself to her imagination; and now that she saw him almost in person, and about to strike the only being, beyond herself, whom her cold nature could be said to love, she threw herself forward in a sort of stupefaction, and condescended to entreaties for mercy where mercy was never known; and then she seemed to have forgotten that she was herself a prisoner, and claimed it as of right, and in the tone in which she would have done so when court influence would have seconded those entreaties which few would once have dared to disre-

gard. It was in such scenes that Fouquier delighted to indulge: he allowed her to exhaust herself; and then, and not till then, ironically entreated the court "not to allow its humanity to influence its justice." Recalled to a sense of the uselessness of her appeal by Fouquier's reiterated inquiry as to the extent of her knowledge of Daubancourt, and her selfish feelings once more prevailing, she spoke of him with vindictive bitterness, as of one who had dared to intrude on her privacy his impertinent pretensions; and, with ungrateful forgetfulness of all he had done for them, poured forth a strain of captious invective against him as the cause of all the difficulties in which they were involved. During this address, which, contrary to his wont, Fouquier thought fit to hear to its end, he fixed his keen eye on Daubancourt; but the only expression he could detect on his countenance was one of compassionate sympathy for passions and prejudices which he but too well knew in such a place would be of so little avail. Fouquier, however, had evidently some latent object in allowing a prisoner to proceed to such lengths; it being his usual practice to prevent all addresses to the court, by calling for the application of the law, by which it could at any period of a trial declare itself sufficiently informed, and adjudicate accordingly. So far it appeared, then, that her address was in conformity with his design, which was to render the female prisoners instrumental in the conviction of Daubancourt, to which his next inquiry evidently had reference. "You consider the prisoner Daubancourt, then, the chief instrument in the crimes for which you are this day called to answer."—"I know not to what fate we should have been doomed had we fallen into the hands of those from whom he rescued us; but his refusal to deliver us up afterwards could but have been for his own purposes."—"And for which treasonable interference, no doubt you, as a good and loyal subject of the republic, think him deserving of the fate that awaits him. The court is doubtlessly sufficiently enlightened," continued he, addressing the president with mock humility: "We have yet another inquiry to make, and the judges will have little difficulty in administering the law. Amongst the lists of enemies to the republic and '*mises hors la loi*' the president will find the name of the *ci-devant* Countess d'Elbœuf." Laying a startling emphasis on the word, he paused to await the effect of his communication. Confounded at a disclosure which Fouquier had evidently reserved for the last moment, the countess felt the lingering hope which had hitherto sustained giving way beneath her; she became pale as a statue: her niece clung to her, and the expression "*Nous sommes perdues*," was the only sound that escaped her lips. Not so Daubancourt. Struck as by a thunderbolt, he stood for an instant overwhelmed, aghast, and confounded. It was but for an instant; bursting suddenly from his guards on either side, he sprung forward, and throwing himself at the feet of the countess, he entreated her blessing on *her son*. "In a few hours," he said, clasping her hand in his agony, we shall be as nothing; in a few hours we shall go to the scaffold together; it is but for a moment that you will be spared even for a blessing. Oh! then, my mother, look down upon and bless me. On the brink of that eternity which is even now yawning for both of us, grant me the long cherished prayer of my life, even though we meet in this dread hour. Say that

you have borne my memory in your heart, though you thought me dead, ere we are torn asunder; but a moment will be spared to us, for I now see the terrible purpose of that dreadful man." And it was indeed his purpose! He had recognized the countess from the first, and he had concealed it in order to make the communication more overwhelming; but it was not until the information he had acquired of the relationship that existed between them, that the fiendish design had suggested itself to him of entrapping the mother to become apparently instrumental in the conviction of her own son. Still it was from the mere pleasure of inflicting torture, and far from his intention that either should derive one consoling thought from the discovery; and now that he saw symptoms of the recovery of the countess from the stupefaction into which such an accumulation of affliction had thrown her, he peremptorily ordered them to be torn asunder. Then, for the first time for years, the whole mother rushed into her heart; she flung her arms wildly forward to clasp her long-lost son: but it was too late; the orders of Fouquier had been but too well obeyed. Awake, at length, to all the horrors of her situation, she vented her remaining strength in useless struggles, and, amidst the screams and incoherent exclamations of her anguish, fell senseless on the floor. The sorrowful Eugénie, who had witnessed the scene with a calmness such as agony sometimes draws from its very intensity, was allowed to fling herself beside her, and offer such poor consolation as could be afforded by one so wretched and desolate.

Meanwhile, Fouquier, who had now wrought up the *denouement* to his wishes, was coolly calling on the court for judgment, when a shout, louder than any that had hitherto broken in upon the solemn mockery of its proceedings, was heard; it was not, as hitherto, the confused din of a thousand discordant sounds, but one vast, joyous and simultaneous shout. It was heard first in the distance; it drew nearer; it was taken up even within the precincts of the court, amongst the members of which, first, a low whispering was observed, then some rose in alarm; matters had evidently reached their crisis: but when the cry burst forth, "*Mort au tyran!*" Fouquier felt that, for that day at least, his occupation was gone. Unwilling still to lose his victims, he calmly directed them to be taken back to the Conciergerie, when the court, amidst a din of shouts and of acclamations, was suddenly invaded by an armed body of men; and no sooner had the foremost caught sight of Daubancourt, than, bearing down all opposition, they broke their way to where he stood, and Fouquier, grinding his teeth in vexation and disappointment, beheld him and his companions borne triumphantly away.

The section which Daubancourt commanded was one of the three, which, on that day, had done such good service, by taking part with the Convention against Henriot and the forces of the Commune. Predisposed, in a great degree, by their commander, whose open bearing, persuasive eloquence, and soldierlike qualities had acquired their personal attachment, the knowledge that Fouquier had prevailed against him, had sufficed to turn the scale,—and not uninformed of the progress of events at the Palace of Justice, their first step, when the triumph of the Convention had been achieved, was to despatch a

detachment to his rescue; and with that detachment came Duval, who, in the recent occurrences, had borne a conspicuous part. Thus, he who had entered that fatal court almost without a hope, left it in triumph, but not alone: his companions in misfortune, and who had acquired new and fresh ties to his attachment, shared in the sympathy and gratulations of all classes as they were borne along; and even Mdme. d'Elbœuf, recovered and calmed into some degree of sedateness, relaxed somewhat in her scorn of the rude populace, now that at length herself and those with whom her interests were so identified, had become the objects of its acclamations. That she and her son had remained so long unknown to each other was too common an occurrence, even to excite surprise. The one, "*hors la loi*," had long been thought to have escaped to some distant land; the other, on his return from America, where, in the enthusiasm of inconsiderate youth, he had imbibed many of the wild theories which then unsettled the minds of maturer men, having changed a name obnoxious to his republican principles, as well as to those of the dominant party, for one less likely to interfere with his projects in life, had, *de bonne foi*, plunged into the vortex of the Revolution. He had, too late, found the worthlessness of his idol: but there was no retreat; and in the exercise of those acquirements which he had attained in a far different cause, he had gained an influence over his fellow citizens, which, while it gave him a station as the commander of a section, had encouraged hopes, with which he had hardly dared to trust himself, of a consummation, with the accomplishment of which Providence was busy by far other means—the overthrow of the dictatorship of Robespierre, and the annihilation of his gigantic power.

But amidst the wreck Fouquier still remained. Within twelve hours of the events we have recorded, he called for judgment on Robespierre and his associates with as little compunction as if he had never been in their confidence, and now, having sacrificed alike friends and foes, he constituted himself a prisoner, and was by that very tribunal which he had done his worst to render so infamous, sent at length to the scaffold !!!

TO THE LIFE-ANGEL, MISNAMED DEATH.

ANGEL of Life! why do we call thee Death?

Why tremble and turn pale at sight of thee?

Thy friendly hand, although it stops our breath,
Leads us to God and Immortality:—

Dost thou not set the captive Spirit free?

Dost thou not break that galling earthly chain

Which binds it to this Prison-house below?

Release it from all guilt, and woe, and pain,

To dwell with Spirits, and their joys again,

Where its own *Being* it may better know?

Let us then hail the Seraph of the Skies,

Nor welcome thy approach with dastard fear;

For if we see thee by our *Spirit's* eyes,

How precious to us will thy form appear.

H. D.

PASSAGES FROM THE
 ŒCONOMIA REGNI ANIMALIS,*
 AND DE CULTU ET AMORE DEI, OF SWEDENBORG.

WITH ORIGINAL COMMENTS THEREON.

BY THE LATE SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.†

I.

“*Prima cujuscunque seriei substantia est ejus simplicissima et unica, quæ in tota individua serie regnat. Uti fluidum spirituosum in quovis individuo regni animalis, quod unicum est substantiale vivum, et omne in omni parte : quo efficiente nihil non in limitato illo universo continuatur, irrigatur, alitur, renovatur, formatur, actuatur et vivificatur. In regno vegetabili est etiam sua formatrix et plastica, per totum individuum diffusa, et in seminis penetranti sinu reposita.*”—(*Swedenborg, Œconomia Regni Animalis*, p. 361. n. 594.)

Mighty in its influence, even on the clearest intellects, is the *wont*, the fashion of the age, in which we live. On no other hypothesis can I account for the frequent use of the then current and favourite phrase, fluidum spirituosum, fluidum subtile, fluidum formans, fluidum actuans, fl. vivificans, &c. by a man of Swedenborg's acute and perspicacious mind, when a moment's reflection might have shown him, that the subject so designated is a *power*, not a *thing* or phenomenon; and the word, fluid, answers no other purpose than to still for a moment the craving of the fancy for a sensuous image. But all images are, *ipso nomine*, dead of themselves, and powerless. The fluid must have a yet subtler fluid to *actuate* it; and the moment *this* is contemplated as a visual image, it, too, requires its subtler fluid, and so on, in *sæcula sæculorum*.

Fleas that bite little dogs have less fleas that bite 'em :

So less fleas bite little fleas on *ad infinitum*.

What is an image? Visual extension with a determinate limit. And what is visible extension? In its utmost *reality*, it is but the resulting *phenomenon* of the equilibrium of the antagonist forces, attraction and repulsion. In short, an image is, at best, an *image*, and nothing more: the difference is in the inferred causes. The understanding may decide, that there is an objective agent producing it, or that it is merely *subjective*.—(*S. T. Coleridge*.)

P. S. If, then, visibility, and consequently, visibility without distinction of figure, *nisi a solido continente seu limitante*, that is, a fluid, be evidently an accident, in other words, a power of conceiving correspondent to a *power* so modified, which is exerted by some agent *ab extra*, *i. e.* independent of the subject conceiving—if power, as the most general term for the act of *causing* this or that impression or modification of the percipient, be a property or attribute of substance, not substance itself,—what is the substance? What is the ultimate ground of reality in all acts and perceptions? To this the answer must be, We neither know, nor are we capable of conceiving substance,

* For the benefit of town readers, it may be well to mention, that there is a copy of each of these very scarce works in the British Museum.

† The autographs of these comments are in the possession of Charles Augustus Talk, Esq., to whose liberality we are indebted for their publication.

i. e. self-subsistence, or original being other than a will, or mind, or life. These three are distinctities, neither of which can be resolved into the other, and yet stand in a relation of order; so that life cannot be conceived without presupposing mind, nor mind without presupposing will—not in order of *time*, for the three are coeternal, but yet of the idea, *ταυτα τρια εστι τα πρωτα, θελημα δε το αι προπρωτον*. Will is the universal antecedent, fons fontium; will, the ultimate reality; mind and life, the real essential forms of will. The common term for these three only *Reuls*, in opposition to qualities, properties, &c. is spirit.—(Coleridge.)

II.

“*Per substantias determinantes mediis subdeterminantibus ita perpetuo connectitur unum cum altero, ut pars inconnexa non sit propria ejusdem seriei, proinde est harmonia constabilita, quod ex supradictis et dicendis sine heic adjecta commentatione ut consequens fluit. Interim hic de connexionione seriei animalis cumprimis agitur; quæ quia est omnium in mundo perfectissima, cæteris exemplo debet esse. Ubivis enim similis ordo datur, nimirum quod sint determinantes, subdeterminantes, et determinata, ubi per triplicem gradum descenditur vel ascenditur: in quibus autem est modo duplex, non plane determinatum est: ad quamvis enim perfectam determinationem requiritur tripla progressio, nam ut sit quod agat, et quod patiatur, erit medium, quod se ad utrumque referat.*”—n. 601.

Substantiæ simpliciores, quo distinctius se discernunt a substantiis magis compositis, eo constabilitio est perfectior: id cumprimis in cerebris, tametsi etiam in corpore. In cerebris fluidum spirituosum cum suis fibris distinctissime se discernit et separat a sanguine aut ejus vasculis; nam sanguis ruber illico ut ad cerebri substantiam corticalem adpellit, desinit esse ruber, et subintrat candidus, et porro in fibrulas purus, at usque perpetuo continuatur, nec patitur ut quid intercisum sit. Quo ergo distinctius se unius gradus fluidum ab altero discernit, permanente tamen continuitate, eo harmonia constabilita est melior. Ita etiam in corpore, quo se melius distinguunt vasa sanguinis rubri a vasis sanguinis candidi, et hujus a fibris, permanente tamen continuitate, eo constabilitio est melior. Unde sanguinis circulatio est subtriplicata. Ita suam causam potest agere unum fluidum, et suam alterum, ut et unam omnia simul conjunctim.”—n. 602.

The triple progression, “agens, patiens, et medium quod se ad utrumque referat,” which answers to the thesis, antithesis et indifferentis in the more universalized form of my pentad; and the assumption of a plastic fluid, (plastic in medio sensu, i. e. indifferentia formativæ et formabilis—the natura gemina, quæ agit et patitur, format et formatur, of Joan. Scotus Erigena,) which first particularizes itself into infinitesimal globules,* then appears as a rosary of needle-point dew-drops, flattened at the two points of contact, consolidating into the primordial fibril; both the one and the other of these prenotions, which needed only one more round of the ladder for their point of view, to have been seen as ideas, impress me with a high sense of Swedenborg’s philosophic genius. The defect of the first, or the triple progression, arises from the necessity of the prothesis, or form of identity,

* It is satisfactory to find, that the latest microscopical investigations have fully confirmed Swedenborg’s doctrine of the ultimate composition of the living tissues.

and of the synthesis, in order to the full comprehension of the indifferences.

- | | | | |
|-------|---|-----------|----------------|
| 1 | 1. Identity or Prothesis. | 2 Thesis. | 3. Antithesis. |
| 2 4 3 | 4. Indifference of Thesis and Antithesis. | | |
| 5 | 5. Synthesis. | | |

The defect of the second lies in the mistake of making one and the same fluid the vascular, the circulating fluid included, and the ethereal fluid pervasive; or rather, of confounding the two latter. But I have probably misunderstood Swedenborg's position. Still, however, I am inclined to think, that admirably as n. 602 is both conceived and expressed, too high a rank, too dynamic a function, is assigned to the colourless fluids themselves. I have observed, that the more intense and proximate the action of the vital productivity is, (in the brain, for instance, or under a high excitement of the nerves,) the nearer to elementary is the product.—(*Coleridge*.)

III.

Substantiæ simplices et minus magisque compositæ, quæ sunt determinantes rerum in sua serie, sunt secundum simplicitatis aut compositionis gradus, priores et posteriores; superiores et inferiores; interiores et exteriores; remotiores et proximiores; et inter se ut causæ efficientes et effectus. Quæ priores sunt, etiam sunt universaliores; et in omni qualitate perfectiores posterioribus. Quæque priores sunt, existere queunt sine posterioribus, non autem vicissim.—n. 612.

“Uti sunt substantiæ, ita etiam earum essentiæ, attributa, accidentia et qualitates, seu nulla non adjuncta. De quibus etiam prædicari potest, quod sint series et in serie: tum quod dicta adjuncta sint simpliciora, priora, superiora, interiora, universaliora, perfectiora, plane ut substantiæ quibus insunt, et ex quibus fluunt: similiter quod superiora in inferiora, et vicissim, influant ad modum, quo substantiæ formatæ sunt, et per nexum communicant. Sed quæ superiorem locum tenent, sunt incomprehensibilia, et apparent ut continua sensorio inferiorum: et quæ inferiorem, sunt comprehensibilia, et apparent ut contigua sensorio superiorum. Omnium tamen in eadem serie talis constabilita est harmonia, ut sibi mutuo correspondeant cum solo perfectionis secundum gradus discrimine: quare inferiora respiciunt superiora ut Analoga et Eminentia.”—n. 618.

Beautifully as all these paragraphs are expressed, I still feel and lament the continued substitution of product for productivity, and a consequent oppugnancy to the series of nature; *ex. gr.*—the red blood truly stated as posterior to the colourless blood is so far from being *virtute et omni vi inferior*, that the prior is the characteristic of a lower and comparatively torpid class of animals—and the yet finer fluid, of a lower still—while of the lowest of all, *viz.* the *Infusoria*, their most simple *body*, or ponderable stuff, is a mere coagulum of the plastic fluid, and the *vis motrix et vivificans*, the still subtler *aura electrica* from the ferment of vegetable decomposition in the infused liquor. This defect seems to me to have a twofold source. 1st. The already mentioned substitution of the phenomenal product for the super-sensuous productivity; and, 2nd. The confusion of the two schemes of physiogony, the one beginning with the lowest=Nature,—and ending in man; the other beginning from the highest=God,—and descending to nature.—(*Coleridge*.)

IV.

"Simplicissima et unica substantia regni animalis est fluidum spirituosum: quæ perfectissime ab aura mundi prima est determinata: unde natura talis resultat, ut queat esse substantia corporis sui formatrix; cui insit vita et proinde anima, quæ principium sit rerum in totâ illâ serie existentium."—n. 633.

With the highest reverence for the philosophic power which shines through every page of the work, I venture to avow my dissent. It appears to me, that there is an erroneous conception influencing the whole; and that the cause of it, or rather, perhaps, the essence of the error itself, is the rank assigned to Nature, not indeed identified with Deity as by Spinoza, (*this Swedenborg's piety precluded,*) but yet as next to God—as the most perfect, the most substantial, &c. of all that is less than God. Now my convictions are grounded on the position, that Nature is the continued antitheton to God—the lowest, as God the supreme, &c. &c.—(*Coleridge.*)

V.

"Ut operationum et effectuum in corpore animali existentium causæ efficientes, rationales et principales explorentur, necessum est, ut inquiramus, quæ res in superiori gradu correspondent illis, quæ sunt in inferiori; quod experientiæ et ingenii opus est. Nam prout natura per gradus suos ascendit, ita a singularium et vulgarium vocum sphæra ad universalium et eminentiorum se tollit: tandem ita ut in suprema regni animalis regione, ubi est anima humana, non detur loquela corporea, quæ ejus naturam et minus adhuc superiorum adæquate exprimat. Quare philosophia universalium mathematica elaboranda est, quæ per notas characteristicas et lineas, vix absimiliter, qua formam communem, ac Analysis Algebraica infinitorum, exprimere ea, quæ per voces inexpressibilia sunt, sciat. Quæ si rite elucubretur, illa omnium scientiarum naturalium una scientia, quia omnium est complexio, erit."—n. 639.

A most important suggestion, or rather an indispensable condition of all further progress in real science.—(*Coleridge.*)

VI.

27 May, 1827.—I remember nothing in Lord Bacon superior, few passages equal, either in depth of thought or in richness, dignity, and felicity of diction, or in the weightiness of the truths contained, to the nn. 208 to 214, inclusive.—(*S. T. C.*)

What I principally desiderate in this §. pro tertio, a most interesting part of this profound work! is an exact previous exposition of what the author meant by the term, Anima Humana—such a definition, at least, as would suffice to let me know the negative and positive characters, by which the anima, assumed as an ens reale, is distinguishable in its conception from the other known or believed constituents of the homo microcosmus—whether substances or attributes.

VII.

"Ex anatomia corporis animalis clare perspicimus, quod fluidum quoddam purissimum permicet subtilissimas fibras, a sensu etiam acutissimo remotas; quod universaliter ubivis in toto et parte sui limitati universi seu corporis regnat, et nihil non in eo continuat, irrigat, alit, actuat,

modificat, format et renovat. Hoc fluidum est in tertio gradu supra sanguinem, quem ingreditur ut substantia et vis sui corporis prima, suprema, intima, remotissima, perfectissima, unica et propria animalis, ac ut principium omnium determinans. Proinde si anima corporis inquirenda sit, et communicatio investiganda, primo intuendum est hoc fluidum, et perscrutandum, num prædicatis conveniat. Sed quia hoc intra naturam tam penitus latet, nulla iniri cogitatione potest, nisi per doctrinam serierum et graduum junctam experientiæ; nec describi, nisi beneficio philosophiæ universalium mathematicæ.”—(*Swedenb. Œcon. R. A. De Animâ Humanâ*, n. 219.)

Quod vis quædam fibras permicet, lubens agnosco; quare autem fluidum esse debet, neque scio neque imaginari possum.—(*Coleridge.*)

VIII.

Note on p. 109, De Anima Humana.—How near to,—yea in actual contact, only that he touches it with the *back* of the hand,—is this great mind with the *very* truth. At one moment he has his hand *on* it; he pauses a moment and feels a *fruition* of the truth. This is to be brought forward from centre to van, and spread out in the light of conscious and communicable distinctness. This he seems to effect by *conceptions*, and by the mechanism of conceptual logic—and the truth is gone! All that was wanting to Swedenborg at this period of his life was the discovery, that an idea is expressible only by means of two positions, that *negative* each other—or that to be enunciated by a contradiction *in terms*, is the distinctive character of an idea, the necessary and universal diagnostic of *all* ideas—of every spiritual intuition without exception—the idea of Nature, and the idea of God.—(*S. T. C.*)

IX.

“Vita hæc et intelligentia (numinis) non virtute vivificandi influit in alias substantias, quam quæ ad principium motus, atque simul ad receptionem vitæ accommodatæ sunt: proinde in simplicissimas, universalissimas et perfectissimas corporis animalis, hoc est, in fluidum ejus purissimum; et eo medio in substantias minus simplices, universales et perfectas; seu in posteriores ac compositas: quæ omnes agunt vim et vitam suæ primæ, secundum gradum compositionis et formam, quæ dat ut tales sint, quales deprehenduntur esse. Per influxum hujus vitæ, quæ est causa principalis in regno animato, fluidum hoc purissimum, quod est causa instrumentalis, dicendum est spiritus et anima sui corporis.”—(*Swedenb. De. An. Hum.* n. 240.)

It is difficult to affirm or deny this proposition, from the too comprehensive use of the term, fluid, which has prevailed among men of science to the present day. It is, indeed, a defect in our present nomenclature, productive of many errors and allied to more. Thus the air is called an elastic fluid, which is in respect of quality nearly equivalent to a round square, or three-cornered circle in quantity. Thus likewise the imagined substance of warmth, the caloric of the modern chemists, is a most *subtle* fluid: as if being thin or thick, affected the essential form of fluidity; and as if, with equal reason, (if water and caloric were both indeed fluids,) we might not make gold-leaf and an ingot of gold two distinct species of solids. But the four primary forms corresponding to the four primary powers, no one

of which can be resolved into the other, and the number of which can neither be increased nor diminished, will survive the caprices of empirical theory, —Earth \times^* , air, fire \times , water,—the terriform, the aëriform, the luciform, the aquiform—correspondent to attraction \times , repulsion, contraction \times , continuous dilation—and the four functions of bodies—magnetism \times + magnetism, and electricity \times + electricity. Swedenborg's n. 240 contains the truth; but in an insufficient distinction. The immediate subject of the more active powers in nature appears to be luciform or radiant matter, to which the aëriform acts as the retarding power, necessary for its reduction to a finite velocity, at the same time as a dispersive power, and modifier of the direction. The fluid, on the other hand, is the universal medium, matrix, *method* or *transitive* of forms, or the indifference of productivity and product, while the semi-fluid by a wonderful synthesis is the entangler and temporary captiver of power, and its occasional vehicle.—(S. T. C.)

X.

“Sed scire, qua hæc vita et sapientia influit ratione, est infinite supra sphæram mentis humanæ: nulla est analysis et nulla abstractio, quæ eo pertingit: nam quicquid est in Deo, et qua ratione agit, est Deus. Sola est repræsentatio ejus per viam comparationis cum lumine. Uti enim sol est fons luminis et ejus distinctionum in suo universo; ita Numen est sol vitæ et omnis sapientiæ. Uti sol mundi unico modo absque unitione influit in universi sui subjecta et objecta; ita et sol vitæ et sapientiæ. Uti sol mundi influit mediantibus auris; ita et sol vitæ et sapientiæ mediante suo spiritu. Verum uti sol mundi in subjecta et objecta influit secundum cujuslibet qualificatam indolem; ita et sol vitæ et sapientiæ. Sed ultra in comparationis partes exire non licet, quatenus unum est intra naturam, et alterum est supra: unum est physicum, alterum est pure morale: et unum cadit sub philosophiam mentis, alterum autem se recipit intra sacra theologiæ; inter quæ sunt fines, quos transcendere ingeniis humanis impossibile est. Præterea, per hujus vitæ omnipræsentiam et influxum universalem in res creatas, omnia a fine per fines ad finem provido ordine constanter fluunt.”—(*De Animâ Humanâ*, n. 251.)

Excellent. So, indeed, are all the preceding in the matter meant to be conveyed; but this paragraph is not alone conceived with the mind of a master, but it is *expressed* adequately and with scientific precision. N. B. One propriety of the Divine Influence is, that it predetermines the subject to a capacity of itself. I. The Spirit of God moved on the faces of the indistinctions. II. And God said, Let light be!

XI.

P. 119. n. 257.—The higher the rank of the mind, the greater the mischief of any erroneous conception. Meaner intellects often neutralize one error by an opposite error, and still oftener insulate it by inconsequence, while the unific organizing spirit, which characterizes philosophic genius, is of itself sufficient to bestow a *fermenting*, nay, a vivific power, on every full conception. Each falsity is a false life. Such in this work is the applying the *measures* of spiritual entities to Nature, and proportioning the perfection of natural bodies to their com-

* \times The sign of antithesis.

parative simplicity. This is true of the spiritual world; for in spirits there may be positive unity. But in Nature there is no other than negative unity—such as the unity of space. Hence, the most composite bodies are the noblest and most energetic. The sun, for instance, —though I utterly reject the Newtonian fiction of the solar light as consisting of similar fibres, each fibre consisting of seven dissimilar fibrils, and adopt the doctrine of Pythagoras respecting colours, as arising from light and shadow; yet how many are the energies that constitute its total influence—visual, calorific, chemical, magnetic. But Swedenborg in this has honoured Nature as the vicegerent of God. I, on the contrary, know of Nature only as the opposite of Deity, whose only being is the want and desiderium of true being—the Devil in a strait-waistcoat. Need I say, how different our views of particulars must be? —or that I reject the whole notion of a physical *anima* in Swedenborg's sense? I am even inclined to doubt whether the instrumental powers and matters of living creatures are in themselves different from inorganic nature. They are under a different *law*. But *LAW* is from God. It is *the word*.

XII.

“Ergo sunt duo principia inter se distincta, quæ fluidum hoc spirituosum pro anima assumptum determinant; unum scilicet naturale, quo possit in mundo existere et moveri; alterum spirituale, quo possit vivere et sapere: ex illis tertium ut proprie suum conflatur, nempe principium se determinandi in actus finibus universi convenienter. At quia principium hoc se determinandi respicit ultimum mundum seu tellurem, ubi sit determinatum, anima sic principiata descendere debuit per totidem gradus, in quot substantiæ et vires mundi sunt distinctæ; et per consequens formare corpus singulis in ordine adæquatum. Sunt ideo organa sensoria et motoria; quorum illa et hæc in quatuor gradus sunt dispertita. Organorum primum est fluidum spirituosum seu anima; cujus est repræsentare universum, intueri fines, conscire, et principaliter determinare. Alterum sub illa est mens; cujus est intelligere, cogitare et velle. Tertium in ordine est animus, cujus est concipere, imaginari et cupere. Quartum seu ultimum constituitur ex quinque sensuum externorum organis, seu ex visus, auditus, olfactus, gustus et tactus. Ita etiam organa motoria, quorum ultima sunt musculi. Ex his et ex sensoriis constituitur corpus, cujus est sentire, formare vultus et actiones, disponi, et quod superiores vitæ determinant, volunt et cupiunt, agere. Totidem licet gradus sunt, usque systema animale non constat nisi ex anima et corpore; nam medii organismi sunt unice determinationes animæ, a qua dum a corpore participant. Hæc jam est scala, per quam unaquævis operatio et affectio animæ et corporis descendit et ascendit.”—(*Æcon. R. A. De Animâ Humanâ*, n. 269, p. 123.)

How can I explain the fact, that it should have been possible for Swedenborg not to have detected the entire absence of any *specific* meaning in the word, fluidum spirituosum, as the subject of life, thought, will! He might have substituted *x y z*, as expressions of an unknown quantity, or a *somewhat*! But that Swedenborg should have craved for an image, a *superficies*, i. e. *facies superjacens*, for a *substans*!!! The best plan will be to omit the term, fluidum, altogether.

XIII.

Notes on Swedenborg's DE CULTU ET AMORE DEI.

Note (b),* p. 4—6, would of itself suffice to mark Swedenborg as a man of philosophic *genius*, radivative and evolvent. Much of what is most valuable in the physiosophic works of Schelling, Schubart and Eschermeyer, is to be found anticipated in this supposed *Dementato*. O nos terque quaterque felices, si modo hujus sæculi doctis et docentibus datum fuerit eandem insaniam insanire, dementiam scilicet cœlestem et de mente divinâ effluentem! — (S. T. C., Sept. 22, 1821. *Highgate*.)

XIV.

“Quot itaque sidera nostrum stipantia et coronantia mundum, tot etiam sunt universa, secundum virtutem et quantitatem luminis ab illis eradiatam, majora minoraque. Hi cœlestes circi se mutuo contactu premunt, et ligant, et per concatenationes perennes cœlestem conglomerant sphæram, et per infinitos orbes concinnant formam, quæ omnium sphærarum et formarum exemplar sit, in qua omnes et singuli gyri stellares concordissime in unum idemque conspirant, scilicet, ut se mutuo constabulant et firment, ex qua unione a bonitate formæ resultante, complexus hic universorum, firmamentum dicitur; nam in sic consociato maximo corpore nullum membrum sibi quicquam vindicat ut proprie suum, nisi tale sit, ut ex communi in rem suam influat, ac iterum, quasi per orbem, in *Rem* universorum reliquorum, seu in commune refluat.”—n. 6.

Res, in this sense a most convenient term, for which it would not be easy to find a substitute, equally abstract and at the same time manageable. In English we must render it by *weal*, as in re-publica, commonweal. The sinking of the original meaning of *proper* into its derivative senses, fit, becoming, and the like, is a serious loss to our language in respect of our philosophical terminology. But this is but one of many instances. The loss of words expressing *kinds* and simple relations, by the transfer of these to *degrees* and metaphoric senses, is, together with the neglect if not contempt of logic and metaphysics, the natural consequence of the domination of commerce and politics in a nation. Every man is quite at home with quality and quantity; but *quiddity* is a term of ridicule and reprehension.

XV.

“Cum sol omnes officiorum parentis functiones exequitur, ex nexu et tenore causarum fluit, si telluris fata ex primo stamine evolvere, ac ipsam ex sua origine lustrare, animus sit, quod ad ipsum solem recurrendum sit; nam effectus est causarum a primâ continuus; et causa per quam subsistit, continuatur causæ per quam existit; est enim subsistentia perpetua quædam existentia.”—n. 7.

Existentia—subsistendi actus. Subsistentia—existendi status.—(*Coleridge*.)

XVI.

9. “Tempus itaque fuit, instar non temporis, quando sol gravidus,

* The note here alluded to, is on the DOCTRINE OF FORMS, a statement of which was given in the last number of this Magazine. The note itself is too long to extract.

corpora sui universi, tanquam magnos fœtus, in alvo suo gestaverat, et quando ea nixus in auras expulerat; nam si ex sole, ut parente, ex fœcundo ejus utero, erupisse constat. Verum adeo graves et inertes fœtus, in suo tam ardente foco gestare, et postmodum nixibus edere, non poterat; sed ejuscemodi onera exhalationis ejus, et inde fluentium efficientiumque virium ultimi effectus sunt. Inde cluit, quod sol primitus ab effluvisis ex eradiatione ejus reali excitatis exclusisque halitibus, et undequaque ad illum, ut azylum et unicum requietis portum, affatim confluentibus, obductus fuerit; et quod ex his fluoribus tractim condensatis circum exstiterit nebulosum expansum, quod tanquam albuginea massa cum incluso sole, MAXIMUM UNIVERSI OVUM, referret; tum quod hujus superficies demum interceptis radiis, et occlusis spiraculis, traheret crustam, quasi testam, quam sol, dum partus instaret tempus, intus æstuans et tumescens, disrumperet, et sic tot excluderet fœtus, quot jam in ejus universo conspiciuntur moles, quæ eum adhuc ut parentem suspiciunt. Similes omnino tam magnis quam minoribus subjectis intra sphæram ejus mundi, et hujus in tellure trium regnorum, sive ex utero, semine aut ovo, nascuntur, ratio constat; nam sunt modo typi ad ideam maximi effecti; et in se, tametsi in parvula effigie, universum quoddam referunt, et æmulantur.

10. Immenso hoc lacunari diffracto, totidem exsiluere moles, quot in hoc universo conspiciuntur errantia sidera, telluris nostræ æmula: sed quæ adhuc informia, et in nullo librata æthere, magnum sui genitoris limbum premerent, nulla enim vis eas alio rapuit. Ita sicut lactantes glomi pone ardens parentis gremium, et quasi ad ejus ubera, sparsi procubuerunt. Mox vero dum sol, reclusis valvis, et in inane universum patentibus portis, ex ore suo jam pleno et intumido, igneos ejaculari halitus, et illud suis potentiis et viribus distendere cœpisset, vicinas primum et mox ultiores distantias, auris, et sic spatiis, opplevit; inde ortus æther; qui dum circum solem, simul etiam circum moles ejus fusus, has involvit quasi fasciis aut spiris, et mobilitati cujusvis conformibus circumduxit sphæris; in harum peripheriis posuit verticem, quem in perpetuos traxit orbes, et ab illis gyravit centrum, cui molem implicuit. Inde factum, ut corpora ista adhuc fluida, et sicut colliquamenta, ex virium tot centripetentium concursu orbicularem induerint formam. Hi jam orbes facti, et tanquam nullius ponderis, quia in centris, a circumfuso æthere vecti et voluti, primum circum solem reptare et gradiri occæperunt, et mox, sicut infantes, choreas ducere, et tripudiare; et per citas ac breves circuitiones inceptare annos, et notare dies, et sic tempora sua inire."—(*De Cultu et Amore Dei*.)

That there was a time when the sun + planets + satellites, formed one mass—one earth—Moses plainly implies, and I hold as likewise deducible from principles of sciential philosophy. But the explosive part of the system (query, Swedenborg or Buffon?) I cannot, as yet, reconcile to my reason.—(*S. T. C.*)

Contraction is infinitely more probable; but the root of the error is, that the majority of Cosmoplasts, from the habit of contemplating the planets under the mere abstractions of mass, motion and relative distance in a void, *i. e.* form of space, and picture to their fancy as bald, solid globes, forget that each is an infinitely organized body, in

no part merely passive. Pursue the contrary process, and then there is ground to hope, that the history, the genesis and evolution of the organic germ of the earth to its present state, might lead to that of the system.

How is it that this assumption of the EGG did not lead to the involved position of an organizing, organic process? Such alone could merit the title of a cosmogony. * * * *

Quere? Whether, and under what conditions, might a concentric ring, a *real* rainbow perfected into a circle, contract to a some one point—a globe? Suppose this, would not the continuously gradual increase of density tend to account for the change from the circular orbit to the ellipse, while the motion in that orbit was determined by the spring and revulsive nîsus of the contraction? But even this is far too mechanical. Life must be in the conception, potentially and as a *tendency* to individualization. The apparent confusion of the sub-facial body of the earth seems to me a presumption of its being an organized subject. Almost any eye would detect a machine, from the regular position of the different substances; but do away all knowledge that a given mass, a human carcass, for instance, had belonged to a living being, and, by a vital process, had been organized—and further, suppose it some thousand times larger than the observer—and what a mass of confused, heterogeneous materials it would appear.

A Letter to the Editor of the Monthly Magazine on Coleridge's Comments.

SIR,—The foregoing annotations, in their connexion with Coleridge's well-known philosophy, will be intelligible to a large body of students, while Swedenborg's positions, from forming part of an unknown system, and thus from want of corroboration by the other parts, may probably be misapprehended. Some explanation is necessary, in justice to Swedenborg's system.

Two different schemes of philosophy, new at least in their form, are at present in the world—the Synthetic, which constructs the mind from the pure being of consciousness and conscience, and discards all adjunct and imagery, as only referring to the senses and sensual mind, but having no relation to the Reason. This system severs interior life from form—especially from the forms of time and space, and takes from it the modes by which *things* are represented to our faculties. Allowing no conceptual limits, except to *things*, it does not distinguish between the human spirit, in the highest sense, and the Creative Spirit. Man has in himself, and as himself, an ultimate ground of reality—substance, *i. e.* self-subsistence—will—mind and life—these three “coeternal.” God and the Soul are identical—consequently, the soul is creative—in other words synthetic. The idea of man's immortality is convertible into that of his instant eternity. These doctrines are rapidly being adopted by the modern intellectual world;—perhaps they are the natural outgrowth of its religion;—perhaps an abstract RIGHT of private judgment amounts to self-deification;—perhaps justification by faith, followed by the imputation of infinite attributes to human beings, is the theological complex of the idea;—in fine, perhaps Protestantism and Rationalism are one.

The contrary to this, *so far as it is a system*, to the best of my knowledge, is peculiar to Swedenborg. Induction, or the lawful existence of Science, does indeed imply it, but to Swedenborg belongs the credit of having fairly worked it out. Man, in this view, is a finite creature—positively finite in the whole series of his faculties. Time, space and sensible qualities, or at any rate “*appearances*” of them, are conditions of his very soul. He is a “form, receptive of life from God,”—and not a substance, or life in himself. The contemplation of life, consciousness, conscience,—powers or quiddities of any kind—apart from the form which is their subject,—is a futile endeavour to see the Infinite God, and irrelevant to human philosophy; and could it be accomplished, would amount to spiritual annihilation. Man, “like all images, is, *ipso nomine*, utterly dead of himself, and powerless,”—yet, being an Image of God, he is a receptacle of the Divine Life, which *adjoins*, but not *conjoins* Itself, and flowing into him, gives him at once to *seem to be*, and to acknowledge Him Who Is—and this immortally. His powers, so far as they belong to the natural mind, exist in their forms, which are those of the brain, by which he lives a denizen of this lower world. The brain is the complex of these powers in nature—it is the representative of these powers in the spiritual mind, or in the spiritual brain. Man is for ever an embodied creature. The philosophy of the natural mind is therefore the crown of natural physiology—that of the spiritual mind, of symbolical physiology, (the two minds, however, being connected by creation,) and it is an essential of this scheme, to “*crave for sensuous images*,” which, in their whole meaning, are the subjects of all that lives. Abstractions are thus forced to annex themselves to substances—all things spiritual and natural are treated as objects or subjects indifferently—and subject and object, both equally as forms. Metaphysics proper have, of course, no place in the system, which is a doctrine of living forms, and not a statement concerning life. Its very discipline excludes all questions of entity and quiddity.

Swedenborg's scheme, however, must not be confounded with materialism, as it recognizes a series of forms above nature, which are the subjects and objects of the spiritual man, attributing all life, and every form, in nature, to the influx of these spiritual forms, and the existence and influence of these again, to the Divine Wisdom Himself, Who made the world. Thus, it makes no negations, but simply proclaims the absolute difference between infinite and finite, and carries those conditions, that is, those *things*, which we know to be the means of our finiteness, in their least limited and most plastic form, into the immortal finite spirit.

In giving this general statement, I have put the reader in possession of another solution of the use of the term, *fluidum spirituosum*, by Swedenborg, than the hypothesis of Coleridge,—that he was led by wont and fashion; and I have rendered it evident that “a moment's reflection would *not* have shown him, that the subject so designated was a *power* instead of a *thing* or phenomenon”—but on the contrary, that the longest reflection had convinced him, that thing and power are identical in created beings; and further, that he had consciously demonstrated to himself, that a “continual substitution of product for

productivity," is the very condition of our treating of the creations of God, as separate from the figments of our minds.

I will now come from generals to particulars, and first to Note XII., where the following occurs:—"How can I explain the fact, that it should have been possible for Swedenborg not to have detected the entire absence of any *specific* meaning in the word, *fluidum spirituosum*, as the subject of life, thought, will. He might have substituted, *x y z*." Now, in the first place, why a fluid should not be the proximate subject of life, thought, will, when a solid, to wit, the human body itself, is its remote subject, I cannot imagine; nor, as the fluid must have a name, can I see any objections to its being distinguished as the *fluidum spirituosum*. As regards the want of *specific* meaning in that term, this is quite true, and may arise from that fluid having not hitherto been a subject of investigation, and from its properties, which would give it specification, being therefore but imperfectly recognized. If water, or any substance in nature, were scanned in the same way, I fancy, in the present state of science, there would be found little specific meaning either in the name or notion of it, as the subject of its myriad known chemical effects and affinities. Reverting, however, to our fluidum, I would remark, that every thing in fact and in science gives a suffrage in favour of its existence—for instance, the tubular structure of the nerves,—the fact that a *fluid* precedes all organization—that the male semen is the vehicle of male life in the act of generation,—and the fair inference, that what was the first of the series during formation, is the highest and first also in the being formed; also, the obvious aptitude of the fluid form for operating on the inerter solids of the frame, or as Swedenborg has it, for "both the origination of motion and the reception of life." Thus, there is every reason for knowing, that those substances which will more readily admit of motion than others—in a word, fluids, are used as the mediating vehicles, or subjects, of life, in solids. And here let me remind the reader, that in man, we have only to find vehicles of life, or living forms, not life itself. This doctrine, then, of a *fluidum spirituosum* is based on scientific grounds; to assail it on metaphysical ones, is to assume metaphysics, that is, to make a direct appeal to the reader's idiosyncrasy; and no man can safely resolve the fluid into *x y z* without a danger of finally resolving his corporeal frame itself into the same algebraical subtilization.

Nor is it valid to say, that this fluid will be no resting place for the mind, but that it, too, will demand its subtler fluid.* There is no fact to show, that particular qualities, from which all substances have their names, admit of an indefinite division, or that the analysis of a fluid will always conduct us to a finer fluid. On the contrary, it is a uniform law of nature,—best seen, however, in organized structures,—that every series (fluidity, for instance,) has its boundaries, which to overleap, is to quit that series.† Thus, to take an easy example, individual

* How is it that Coleridge should have quoted Hudibras in ridicule of *his own idea* of infinite divisibility?

† See a Statement of the Doctrine of Series in the last number of this Magazine, p. 457, 458.

men are the boundaries, (or unities,) of their kind ; consequently, if we divide these unities, we can no longer assign to the parts that title which belongs to the whole—and the same is applicable to every substance in nature. In fact, the existence of boundaries to particular series constitutes the possibility of physics—without them, science would be lost in Pantheistic Idealism. All things, losing their finiteness, would become infinitely nothing ! The triumph of metaphysics would then be complete, and Nature, “ the continued Antitheton to God,” be troublesome no longer.

From the doctrines I have premised, I draw the conclusion, that there is no contradiction in the “ fluidum spirituosum,” with the organization which it precedes and determines, and which, when produced, limits its operations, being the highest of living natural substances, forms and powers—nor in its being called the “ Anima” of the natural man, provided the series of the spiritual man, and its all-determining influence in the fluidum, and of the Divine in the spiritual, be each equally assumed or admitted.

With respect to Note III., its point lies in a misapprehension of Swedenborg’s doctrine. The colourless fluids, *of which there are various degrees*,* manifest their excellence and force in the organization they produce ; where they only generate a simple organism, as in the lowest animals, this is the evidence of a low degree of excellence in the fluids. The human body, however, embraces the finest and most complex vehicle for containing and determining them, and the most complex apparatus for the posterior, or red blood, besides,—it comprises all that is highest, with all that is lowest. Thus, the colourless fluids are not the characteristics of a lower class of animals, since they belong to man also. Further, the mere transparency of minute animalculæ is no proof of their organization containing the higher and highest degrees of the colourless fluids,—the lowest may evidently be their *all*. Coleridge’s error consists in the assumption, that the smallness of an animal bears a direct relation to the size of its fluids—a view which is contradicted by all recent microscopic investigation. Thus, the globule of human blood is only one fourth the diameter of that of the frog.† The spermatozoon in man is one twenty-fifth the size of the same substance in the *Mollusca* ‡ (the common muscle, for instance,)—the ova, or first discernible germs, of the smallest entozoa which inhabit the body of man, are many times larger than the globule of human blood,§ which is known to be a very compound substance. These facts would seem to point to the conclusion, that the lower the animal, the larger relatively are the constituent fluids, and to confirm the doctrine of Swedenborg, that the perfection of organization goes hand in hand with the minuteness of its primary parts.

I mention Note XVI. only to observe, that the cosmogony there alluded to was Swedenborg’s, and not Buffon’s. The latter was acquainted with Swedenborg’s *Principia*, (as I have facts to show,) and

* See the Doctrine of Degrees, p. 458, 459.

† Müller’s Physiology, translated by Baly. 1838.

‡ Wagner’s Physiology, translated by Willis, p. 6. 1841.

§ Do. p. 35.

made free use, it is said, of that wonderful work in erecting his own theories.

Let me now bestow a word on the history of Coleridge's annotations. Those parts of Swedenborg's "*ŒCONOMIA REGNI ANIMALIS*" to which they refer, are the last chapters; and there is everything to prove that Coleridge had never read the first chapters, comprising four fifths of the work. Moreover, the annotations were made, in durable characters, during the progress of his reading, consequently, before the unity of the small portions that he did read, could have appeared to him. This may account for the quality of his notes—or, at any rate, demonstrate his inordinate lust of annotating.

In conclusion, Mr. Editor, it satisfies me much that I am able to agree with you so entirely in *your* estimate of Emanuel Swedenborg, where you say, that "*he has perfectly succeeded in constructing a religion for the scientific man.*" Such a religion, as it seems to me, is the world's greatest want; and you will be pleased to find a corroboration of your own opinion in a work* "*On the Practical Nature of Swedenborg's Doctrines,*" by the Rev. Augustus Clissold. Addressing the Archbishop of Dublin, this gentleman says, in reference to the new order of things, which the very glimpse of such a religion shows to be possible,—

"My Lord, it is to this new order of things, that we believe the writings of Swedenborg calculated to conduce; and to this purpose, that he has achieved what no other person has, *the Christianization of Science*. Revealed Religion and Science may be separated in the human mind, but they are not separated in the mind of God. Nature and the Bible, when rightly interpreted, will be found to be one. The Work of God will be found to be the language of the Word of God; *natural theology to be the same as revealed, when natural theology shall itself have been revealed.* On the same Creator, Nature and the Bible discourse with each other,—on the glories of the same Jehovah, deep calleth unto deep."—p. 208.

With great admiration of your liberality,

I remain, Sir, your obedient humble servant,

A REALIST.

ON COMEDY.

BY EDWARD MAYHEW,

Author of "Stage Effect, or the Principles which command Success in the Theatre."

In a paper which appeared in the foregone number of this Magazine, the authority of Shakspeare was cited as to the purpose for which, and the manner in which, a drama should be composed. If the deduction appeared harsh, let it be remembered it was not made without authority, or pushed beyond its warrant; and that the con-

* "*The Practical Nature of the Doctrines and Alleged Revelations contained in the Writings of EMANUEL SWEDENBORG. In a Letter to the Lord Archbishop of Dublin, by the REV. AUGUSTUS CLISSOLD, M.A., formerly of Exeter College, Oxford.*"

clusion can only be fairly weighed in conjunction with the premises from which it was drawn. It is Shakspeare who has declared Congreve's dramas not to be Comedies, and they who would establish their title, must first overthrow the maxims on which it is disputed. The question cannot be avoided. The right has been defined, and all apart from that pronounced wrong. It matters nothing that these pieces have been distinguished as *comedies of fashion*, *comedies of manners*, *artificial comedies*, &c.—the debated point being, whether they have any claim to the name of Comedy at all, or can be reconciled to the purpose of playing. That purpose marks the magic circle, within which the Dramatist can defy assault; and if Congreve be beyond the charmed limit, by his position, and not in our judgement, is he exposed.

Few readers, however, can be expected to acquiesce in this conclusion. The mind is tenacious of its impressions, and will not submit to have these harshly erased. The public have been educated to believe Congreve wrote comedies, and will not, even upon proof to the contrary, hastily renounce that belief. His pieces may retain their title for many ages; yet, in the end, the truth will be acknowledged.

And after all, perhaps, the dispute is but for a word; yet, as that word represents an idea, it is not altogether unimportant. The Scholar would feel offence were the comic song denominated an Epic; and may not the Dramatist claim license for his resentment, when the term which Shakspeare has hallowed is applied to things unholy and corruptive? The enthusiasm which is jealous of the titles that are the substance of fame, is not surely an unworthy motive. Those titles are the goal to which Genius labours; as they are honoured or corrupted in the ideas they represent, so will Genius in its efforts be elevated or debased, and the world be drawn to good or evil in its teaching. Let us purify terms by limiting their definitions, and by the process our minds will be also purified, our perceptions will be clarified, our application of abstract principles will be made more just, and giving but to the deserving the names of commendation, the ambition of those who have yet to deserve will be instructed. If Shakspeare's comedies are such, how can those dramas, which are in all things dissimilar, be the same? Calling Congreve's pieces Comedies, the word is compelled to opposite compositions. Shakspeare wrote to enforce morality—Congreve, to uproot it; and can two things at war with each other—two antagonist principles—two distinct substances, unlike in outward shape, and at enmity in their spirit or purpose, be properly called by the same name or classed under the same head? Is it not a confusion of speech, the same as if we were to denominate a fiction a history, because both are books?

Lamb, whose innocent nature, well represented by his name, felt no fear in the presence of evil, but in the invulnerability of its purity sat unappalled at the spectacle, was, in a manner, from respect and habit, attached to Congreve's Drama; or rather he was unwilling to witness the decay of an amusement which, judging by himself, he believed to be harmless in its representation. He wrote in the defence of this kind of stage plays, and his pleading is based upon its utter worthlessness. On the excess of vice, humorous in its preposterous-

ness, depicted in these exhibitions, he assumes them to be innoxious, because incapable of imitation. He assumes the characters to be fictitious, wholly imaginative, and protests against their being regarded as realities, though our knowledge teaches us the rakes of Congreve were the gross realities of his day, and bore a larger truth to his time than even *Tom and Jerry* did to that recently past.

"We are not to judge them," says Lamb, speaking of Congreve's and Wycherley's *dramatis personæ*, "by our usages. No reverend institutions are insulted by their proceedings—for they have none among them: no peace of families is violated—for no family ties exist among them: no purity of the marriage bed is stained—for none is supposed to have a being: no deep affections are disquieted, no holy wedlock bands are snapped asunder—for affection's depth and wedded faith are not the growth of that soil. There is neither right nor wrong, gratitude or its opposite, claim or duty, paternity or sonship."

No man but Lamb could have risked so bold a defence! We admit the truth, but contest its application, though not when confined to its author. His simple spirit may have felt relieved by an imaginary debauch and a fancied revel, and his heart have returned to virtue strengthened by the ramble. But are all men thus?—Is a theatre filled with people who can afford to look upon the pleasantness of vice?—How many exist, who would draw no inference from a picture which showed only the agreeability of the perfect absence of all moral restraints? Lamb ceased to wander when the play was finished; his excitement was limited to his mind: but vice is a disgusting reality in the modern playhouse; and how many may such an exhibition have sent from the benches to the saloon?

Lamb has said all that can be said in defence of these miscalled comedies, and has said it well. Were all men like him, the argument would be good: but most need no stimulant to excite their lusts—most need no hallooing on to make them emulative of evil; and when the playhouse is converted to such uses, we, in faith of Shakspeare's authority, believe it to be abused.

All of this, we feel it a duty to condemn, arose out of the arrogance of wit which characterized the age of Charles the Second. The critics of that day were—as superciliousness ever is—loving of extremes. They were the dram-drinkers of art, and the pure alcohol alone touched their palates. They had not the patience needed to fit names to things, so sought to suit things to names, and were defeated in the impossibility of their labour.

Comedy, they said, intended that which was laughable—Tragedy that which is tearful—definitions which, appropriating only the ends of sensation, left the region of sensibility without a name.

The writers who, in obedience to this instruction, attempted to exemplify its accuracy, necessarily failed in their attempts, when they confused the result produced with the means of its production. Laughter may be provoked by many resorts, so the mere calling forth of laughter is not conclusive as to the presence of comedy. Yet the critics, in their ignorance, insisted on the test, and the authors were bound to abide by it. The mirth was to commence with the first scene, and to end with the last; all intervening being one continued

roar. Nature presents no combination of incidents which could answer such a design ; therefore the Dramatist, before he entered on his task, was bound to desert his idol : he must break the glass, and paint the image he was to pass off for its reflection. The very office of his calling was annulled. He sank from the poet to the buffoon, from the philosopher to the jester : he was no longer able to teach, when he was circumscribed only to amuse, and the amusement was required to be of the idlest description. He could no more depict the passions or the feelings of mankind, for these are not continuously laughable. He was compelled to pick and choose his materials, to sort his characters, and select his decalogue, with no special observance to the modesty of nature, but with servile consideration for the immodesty of his patrons. So the Congreve Dramas, in the plots, are a mass of incongruities, framed to no principle of actual or imaginative probability ; in their language, they are a succession of jests that please the ear without reaching the understanding ; and in their feeling—for they have but one—they are the glorifiers of the most cruel and immoral appetite that disgraces our animal nature. Still the result of this compound was a laugh, and that laugh gave it the title of Comedy ! Farce makes us laugh, and these are farces !

Many readers will reject this term, and regard it as the indulgence of a prejudice on the part of him by whom it is applied, but it is not so. It is in truth a sober conviction, arrived at after a long and patient consideration of the question. The endeavours which have been repeatedly made to classify the Drama, have all failed ; and we think arose from a want of that feeling understanding which is the soul of rightful perception. Where all are dissimilar, constantly varying, and never parallel, it is obviously hopeless to look for those minute resemblances which would permit them to be reduced to system. Any nicer arrangement than what shall allow of Dramas being brought under the general heads, typical of the genus to which they belong, seems to us impossible. Thus comedy and tragedy we understand to represent the highest orders of the Drama. We trace their characteristic, not in the outward form, but in the purpose to which they are directed. If that purpose is accomplished in two acts, we still regard the piece in two acts as a legitimate Drama of the highest order—a tragedy or comedy. If in five acts the same purpose is abandoned, we persist in absence of the intent,—the title has been relinquished. What that purpose is, Shakspeare has declared. “To show Virtue her own feature, Scorn (here used as the opposite to Virtue—as all those qualities which we should morally scorn and abhor) her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure.”

Now the Congreve Drama deals neither with vice nor virtue. It shields the one and avoids the other ; it slanders both ; it requires the forgetfulness of all moral likings before its spirit can be enjoyed ; it cozens our understandings, and cheats us into laughter. It is as far removed from poetry, as tumbling is from grace. There is more of ingenuity than intellect in its composition. It deals in a kind of literary legerdemain, which surprises and amuses for the period of its exhibition ; but is the proof of nothing, save the sleight-of-hand of the exhibitor : and feeling the deficiency of the Dramatic purpose in these pieces, we perceive, in the scintillation of verbiage in which lies their

chief merit, nothing of sufficient value to recompense for the want of sterling worth. To provoke laughter is the legitimate end of Farce; and these pieces, written to the purpose of Farce, must be, if Shakspeare be right, laying down the purpose as the characteristic of the Drama, classed under the head of Farce.

There placed, their real merits are more justly to be understood. They are brilliant exhibitions of perverted ability. While we morally condemn, we cannot but mentally admire. We are dazzled by their brightness. Like gas, they are the perfection of artificial light—yet, like that also, they are an unwholesome flame, and blacken the walls which they illumine. Shakspeare's Dramas, on the other hand, have the solidity and the clearness of the diamond, and are lustrous from excess of purity. The one truth, as the light of day, shall make sickly; the other will imbibe its rays, and sparkle the stronger for its brilliancy.

Both kinds of Drama have probably been carried to the height of their possible perfection. The reach of human power cannot be circumscribed, and no one can foretell but a greater than Shakspeare may arise yet in the far distance he has placed his name; we know there is space beyond, but we know not for certainty that there is a resting place in that infinity.

Of Congreve's Drama, we speak not in the same awe. They are not the perfections of their intent; but we despair to see them improved, or equalled or excelled: because the change of popular taste no longer stimulates in that direction; because the incentive to excellence is wanting; and because he who could improve on such a type, could not want the perception of genius, and would, in the consciousness of strength and the sympathy of poetry, be encouraged to the nobler daring, and rather strive to be second to Shakspeare than superior to Congreve.

The Congreve Drama was written for its day, and with that has now mingled with the past, not to be revived until the tastes which made it popular shall be resuscitated.

In the previous paper some reference was made to the distinctive characteristics of the Shaksperian, or true Comedy. We will now attempt to show more clearly in what those characteristics consist. Shakspeare wrote fifteen comedies:—1. *The Tempest*; 2. *The Two Gentlemen of Verona*; 3. *Merry Wives of Windsor*; 4. *Twelfth Night*; 5. *Measure for Measure*; 6. *Much Ado about Nothing*; 7. *Midsummer Night's Dream*; 8. *Love's Labour Lost*; 9. *Merchant of Venice*; 10. *As You Like It*; 11. *All's Well that Ends Well*; 12. *Taming the Shrew*; 13. *Winter's Tale*; 14. *Comedy of Errors*; 15. *Pericles Prince of Tyre*.

The last has hitherto been termed a Tragedy. For reasons which will be gathered from the general argument, it is in this list removed to the opposite and, as the author feels confident, its true heading.

Not dwelling on his histories, Shakspeare composed eleven tragedies:—1. *Troilus and Cressida*; 2. *Timon of Athens*; 3. *Coriolanus*; 4. *Julius Cæsar*; 5. *Antony and Cleopatra*; 6. *Cymbeline*; 7. *Titus Andronicus*; 8. *King Lear*; 9. *Romeo and Juliet*; 10. *Hamlet*; 11. *Othello*.

The plots of all these tragedies, if not literally true, were, neverthe-

less, founded on belief. They are all treated with the intentness of veracity. The author allows his imagination no further freedom than to poetize reality.

The plots of the comedies, however, are wholly fictitious; they are put forth only as pleasant fables, and treated with the playfulness of fancy. It is impossible to mistake their real character. There is not one which seeks to ensnare our convictions, or appeals in sincerity to our belief. They convey principles of truth, and communicate sentiments of love; they elevate and humanize; but it is as pleasant fancies—for Shakspeare's tragedy is imaginative, his comedy is fanciful: in the first, he imagines what has been, and pours into the heart of his hearers the concentrated essence of reality; in the last, he gives his fancy wing, and carries his auditors into the sunniest regions of poetry. This will be at once perceived, when the different orders of supernatural beings which appear in these dramas are considered. Witches and ghosts, whose existence could be proved by reference to Holy Writ; spirits that were realities in our religion and our laws, appear in their serious and true character; but fairies and goblins flit only o'er the lighter and the happier scene.

This principle of construction is strangely at variance with the modern ideas of Dramatic composition. The plots of modern tragedies are not unseldom entirely fabulous, or, when founded on fact, under the presumed license of poetry, such liberties are grossly taken with reality, that while our belief is appealed to, we are at the same time obliged to resign it.

The plots of modern comedies are generally fictions; yet the piece is in itself intended as a reality. The characters wear the dress, exhibit the manners, and use the language (if not that actually spoken, at all events that which it is thought ought to be spoken,) of the auditors. The play is immediately connected with the audience by the most direct and strongest ties. The lords and citizens of daily life are brought before us, and it is impossible to regard them otherwise than as representatives of actual beings. A certain latitude is accorded to their actions, but they are not therefore removed from reality, more than the madman is, to whose conduct we allow a license, yet do not therefore question his existence.

The scene and time of modern Comedy is even that of the day and place of its production; and so essential is this circumstance generally esteemed, that the players mostly dispute Mr. Knowles's claim to be regarded as a writer of comedies, because his pieces have not been composed in accordance with the custom. Still, turning to the great model, we perceive Mr. Knowles has intuitively adopted the right path. Shakspeare never wrote a drama of any kind which was immediate to the age in which he lived. The nearest advance he made is the History of Henry the Eighth: the time of which was, in actual space, as far removed from that day when the drama was produced, as the reign of George the Second is from this present; yet the actual space does not in this instance truly represent the comparative distance of the two periods; for between the time of the scene and the date of its representation, the religion of the country had been reformed, printing had been invented, and America had been discovered.

Of fourteen of Shakspeare's comedies, the time is undefined in one ; even the place is supposititious. A single instance occurs in which the scene of comedy is laid in England, and some approach is made to definite date. Falstaff places the period of the action in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, either in the early days of Henry the Fourth's, or the later ones of Richard the Second's reign. This drama is singular in being the exception to a rule too generally observed to admit any doubt that it was not adopted on principle ; nor is its singularity circumscribed to this alone, but it is particular also in that its construction does not harmonize with his other plays. The presence of effort may be sensibly felt in its composition ; it betrays frequent symptoms of haste. The characters, broader, are less delicate in their portraiture than any elsewhere painted by the same pencil ; the spirit of poetry is not living in the whole, but guggles, as it were, up in parts, and its course can be pointed out ; it is more rude, less gentle—more real, less spiritual, than any other of this great man's works. We laugh, perhaps, more, but we do not admire so much : we enter on the scene, but we are not carried thither out of ourselves ; we enjoy, but not with the same consciousness of elevation which is felt when witnessing his other dramas. This play conveys an idea that it was written on compulsion, and there is a tradition which corroborates the perception. Shakspeare here appears unlike himself : from whatever cause, he seems to be writing down to other's conceptions, rather than embodying his own inspirations.

Still it is to be remarked, that the scene of *The Merry Wives of Windsor* is laid in a rural district. Comedy is not brought into the city, to be subjected to the pettinesses, frivolities, and vulgarities of fashion. The prejudices of conventional respectability are thereby avoided ; and throughout the thirty-seven dramas, no single instance occurs where Shakspeare condescends to satirize or flatter such evanescent littleness. He was not ignorant that the theatre had been applied to that purpose. As manager, he contributed to publish many pieces which, written *at their day*, now require commentaries to render their meaning intelligible. We cannot but imagine he debated on the propriety of that which he witnessed in his own art, and in the success of which, as manager and actor, his personal reputation and pecuniary interest were concerned ; and when we perceive he did not follow the example, we are virtually convinced he saw reason to disapprove the principle on which it was based. We may even conjecture he maintained his opinion against solicitation from his partners, and the expressed wishes of his patrons ; for dramas abounding in satirical allusions were both fashionable and numerous at that time, and Shakspeare, as the acknowledged chief of living Dramatists, would naturally be expected to contribute to the popular taste after the popular manner. He assisted to bring forward, therefore he may not have wholly condemned ; but he did not participate, therefore he certainly did not wholly approve. He appears as one who resigned his convictions when these could affect others, but sternly applied them to the regulation of his own actions. Of the right he was convinced : of the wrong he may have felt the possibility of question ; and for the doubt, generously have restrained his judgement ; or he may have conceived

that his position allowed him perfect freedom in his own pursuit, but did not authorize him arbitrarily to dictate the pleasures of the public.

The motive which induced Shakspeare to transfer his action to a distant time or foreign country, is in accordance with the observation that our vision is limited in proportion to the nearness of its object. We stoop to mark the insect, we step back to regard the horse. We draw the pebble close to observe its form; we seek distance to scan the outline of the mountain. The historical painter demands space for the contemplation of his picture, and the Epic writer does the like, placing his grandest images remote from our mental vision; so also the fabulist, seeking to convey an abstract moral, separates his actors from his listeners, by divesting them of the outward semblance of humanity; and thus Shakspeare, labouring to inculcate morality, sought by a pleasing stratagem to emancipate his pupils from those conventional stubbornnesses that plug the ear of judgement. Taking them from the scene of daily life, he bore them from the errors with which it was entangled. The magistrate of a distant country was invested with no superstitious respects, that cried hush to the voice of injury; but man, stripped of his false prepossessions and habitual misconceptions, stood before his ruler, bound in nothing save his duty. The poet escaped from the fetters of society, and was freed to do his office boldly. The principles of conduct remained unchanged, while the pettinesses which distort our actions were destroyed. The purpose of the drama was lifted above the nettles and ruggedness of earth, to a sphere where it could sail above the reach of all impediment.

The ignorance of the spectator was in this manner made the means of his instruction. He was elevated out of the caviller for petty propriety into the judge of abstract morality; and the author, by a simple resort, disabling the imputation of personality, was empowered to speak more directly. No possible harm could arise from, there was no good but was left purer by, the change. The ideas were invigorated by being carried beyond the limits of daily toil, and returned to their domestic duties refreshed and strengthened by a kind of mental travel.

The secret of Shakspeare's immortality lies in this constant escaping from the errors of his age. He pictures man, not the fashion of his follies or his opinions: nature as she was and is—not as it was possible to distort her. The time when he wrote is past; the forms of society have changed; the notions of mankind have altered. Every outward symbol of Elizabeth's reign is obsolete, but Shakspeare is as modern now as he was when he existed. He depicts vice and virtue; and till truth shall perish, he whose fame is based upon its maxims, shall be immortal.

A drama, written at its day, must in proportion to its truthfulness, be evanescent in its popularity; for as the conventionalities of opinion and habit change, so will those departed be either offensive or ridiculous to the arbitrary notions which succeed to them.

To instance the evils which result from reflecting too closely the reality of present life, that comedy which in our opinion marked an improvement in dramatic events, shall be selected—*She Stoops to Conquer*.

Tony Lumpkin is the character which forms the principal feature of

this Drama. Of the fidelity of the portrait no question can be made. The original is dead, and we must resign our judgements to those who, living at the period, had the opportunity of comparing, and who acknowledged its truthfulness. Yet this character is now the blemish of the piece, and will be, probably, the cause of its ultimate withdrawal from the stage. It is an actual, not an ideal being. The recorder, rather than the poet, held the mirror in which it was reflected—a nice distinction perhaps—yet a most important one. *Tony Lumpkin* has too much of individuality: he is too real—the conception is not sufficiently sublimated. We are shown in him how a bad education had engendered vitiated habits, and are thus led to conclude his mind is corrupted; but his mind is not depicted. We are brought only to secondary causes, not carried to final results; we are left to imagine that which should have been displayed to us. The vulgarity of his tastes is drawn at full length; he is exhibited in all his lowness. The facts are true, but in the change of society these facts have lost their force; and the satire, no longer needed, is no longer relished. The display of corruption is even felt to be offensive, and we look at that which made our fathers laugh, because they applied the image to their experiences, which we cannot do—that is to us a related circumstance which appeared to them a humorous reality.

The excesses of Shakspeare's delineations are never in this direction. The *Starved Apothecary* is as life-like, but not so mortal. His original has also vanished, yet the character is recognized. Goldsmith has copied man. Shakspeare has studied him as an authority. The one wrote what he knew, the other what he thought; and as knowledge is subservient to judgement, so is the one superior to the other. Shakspeare, in the *Starved Apothecary*, shows the effect of circumstances upon nature. Goldsmith has made the circumstances to imply the effects, and this gives an appearance of grossness to *Tony Lumpkin*, though a moment's reflection convinces us the author has considerably refined to fit him for his exhibition in public.

Old Hardcastle, *Young Marlow*, *Mrs.* and *Miss Hardcastle*, are quite as natural as *Tony Lumpkin*, and were so at the day of their production; yet, as these are more generalized—more the results of opinion—less built upon literal fact, and more the embodiment of observation—the illustration of conclusions, rather than the statement of premises; as they are in short more ideal, and less actual, so are they now more modern; and when the piece is performed, these characters may be said to contribute more to its support than that which, written at its day, once cast them into comparative shadow.

To us who live two centuries after their creation, Shakspeare's characters are more than intelligible; and they who existed two centuries prior to their production would, also, it is only reasonable to conjecture, have felt their application to nature. *Tony Lumpkin*, however, will, in less than a century, become a subject for curiosity; and a century anterior to his appearance, his possibility would have been disbelieved. It is a law of reality, that it should be of short life, and this law will never be altered in favour of dramatic character; yet are the actors particularly partial to realizing their effects, and unconscious that they are satirizing their own ignorance in the speech they vaunt, that they

realize Shakspeare. So they do. They make even *Ariel* and *Oberon* realities. *Shylock* has been played with the Jewish pronunciation, and we have heard of thoughts of representing *Wolsey* with a squint; but, spite of the general opinion to the contrary, we doubt if the author would be gratified, could he be awakened from his mortal sleep to look upon these realizations.

Kean in *Richard* did not realize the bodily deformity of the hump-back. He represented the crooked king as a very handsome, graceful personage, whose physical misfortunes, only slightly indicated, were soon forgotten. The mental deformity of the character he made impressive. To the mind and not the eye of his audience that great actor played. He did not realize, but he idealized his performance; and they who boast that they have the strength of barbarity requisite to drag Shakspeare from the ideal down to the real, can never be praised for the act or the intent, by any who have a common-place appreciation of the poet's purpose.

Reality may be dramatic, but it is not poetic; and he who writes to realize may attain success, but he can never achieve fame. Nevertheless the desire to witness modern comedies being by long habit naturalized, as it were, among the tastes of the public, whose wishes the Dramatist is powerless to oppose, or rather is compelled to gratify, it would be a great point gained if something of a higher standard could be substituted in the place of the Congreve Drama; and we will now endeavour to discover what towards this end could be safely attempted.

There appears no reason why the Shaksperian purpose of playing should not be observed by beings wearing the costume of the present day. Abstract principles now, as formerly, govern mankind. To purify these and deepen their effect, reality must be subdued by the presence of poetry, and the novel writers have tutored the public to expect the ideal to be mingled in scenes which assume to be representations of themselves. The taste requisite for the enjoyment of a poetical reflection of modern life is in existence. The Dramatist must trust his judgement to ascertain how far that taste would license his experiment. We should think he could hardly hazard too much. Blank verse, perhaps, would not be endured; but figurative language would certainly be expected, and in this form every essential of poetry could be evolved. The danger would lie in violating any of the rules of behaviour, and the action would be to a certain extent impeded by the observance of etiquette; yet this would affect only the quiet or passionless scenes, for we live in an age when the rules of behaviour are not so firmly established, but strong excitement has a license to disregard them.

The little piece of *Rosina* is an approach to the kind of Drama we would suggest, only altogether of too humble pretensions; yet the same course might be followed to a loftier height. Goldsmith, in the *Vicar of Wakefield*, has done for fiction what has never, since the days of Shakspeare, been accomplished to an equal extent for the Drama. The spirit of that work seems not unfitted to the modern stage; indeed it may be sensibly traced throughout *She Stoops to Conquer*—and this spirit, carefully eschewing the tameness and the affectation by which it is on either hand closely beset, it is suggested, might be largely and

profitably applied by the Dramatist. That spirit is only a belief in the existence of virtue. It gives mankind a reputation for good : the gift may exceed the desert ; but the reputation will naturally create a desire to deserve, and good impulses be thus communicated—so is the generosity of the poet justified and rewarded.

To illustrate what we would see accomplished, a reality shall be instanced ; and the different mode of treating it in comedy, according to Shakspeare's method, and in farce according to that of Congreve, be pointed out.

Among the social deformities of the present time, the perversion of the kindly ties which should unite master and servant are most conspicuous. This social deformity is more grossly exhibited in the lower ranks of life, and also by that sex which, the emblem of gentleness, is most disgraced by its exhibition. Where one poor drudge alone is kept, the master of the house being absent throughout the day in pursuit of his business, this creature will be in constant communication with her mistress, who herself may have been rescued by marriage from servitude. The women are equal ; their ideas, tastes, sympathies are on a level. A mere chance difference divides them ; but that difference is also the means of bringing them in contact. These two beings will live together in daily interchange of opinions and obligations ; yet though they associate for years, no kindly feeling will grow up between them : at the end of the term they exist only in their regards towards each other as mistress and servant,—when, in a healthy mind, they would be united in their feelings as friends and companions. Such is the general fact, but there are exceptions ; and, to the poet's eye, the exceptions should, in this case, be the rule. Shakspeare seems to have believed it impossible that women could associate and not love one another. His attendants are ever more bound by affection than by interest. He saw not the nice distinction now made between the companion and the servant ; and the gentility of present notions is never offended by witnessing them in his Dramas in their proper and natural relations. This Shaksperian method is that we think of true comedy, which paints mankind better than they are, and so appealing to the innate aspiration for good, kindles an emulation for virtue.

Now the Congreve Farce revels in the incongruities of society. Servants are in it exhibited as necessary impertinences ; masters as justified tyrants ; and the Dramatists of that school strain their wit only to exhibit the dilemmas which spring out of a bad order of things ; and their pieces are calculated to do all the injury that can arise from strengthening evil sentiments, by illustrating the wrongs they inflict on the parties whom they influence. Both sides are hardened ; the mistress is, by beholding the domestic's insolence exaggerated, confirmed in her convictions—that “ *Servants must be kept down if you wish to have any comfort,*” and the maid is sent home with a deepened impression that “ *It's no use taking pains to please your employers.*” Then taking the instance into the higher rank. Should we feel indignant of thinking the order of society was outraged, if we beheld a mimic duchess, whose benevolence forgot her title, and stooped to her inferior in kindness, or should we feel inclined to rebuke the domestic,

whose gratitude smothered the fear of station, and raised by love, half thought itself the equal of its affections? Should we not think rather such things were so somewhere, and ought to be so everywhere? If the duchess, however, spoke arrogantly, and uttered her command with a pompous presumption of infallibility, and the servant retorted with an affected pretension to perfection—the reflex of her employer's foible, we should smile and think the picture too overdrawn for all cases, yet true to some. So both would be exceptions; but which the higher? No one applies a general satire to himself, but uses it to harden his dislikes; and every one appropriates a general praise, and is softened to his fellows by the loving pride it communicates. Thus one method enters the heart, the other but strengthens the prejudices. The one Shakspeare follows, whose *Cleopatra* is not unroyal because *Charmion* and *Iras* are her playfellows; and such a method we think might be applied as a novelty to modern comedy, with no great risk to its success. There is much less hazard in good than some critics think of.

The Congreve Farce, as Lamb advances in its defence, builds on the non-existence of any kind of good. It is written in a thorough disbelief in any sort of virtue, and it demands a like forgetfulness that its scenes may be enjoyed. But what end can result in making men oblivious to all the better parts of learning? What result can be looked for from communicating an idea that there is a happiness to be found in the defiance of morality? Ought such notions to be promulgated? If the Drama be in its influences of that importance which justifies the state, contrary to that maxim of our law, which declares no offence till it be committed can be noticed, in appointing a pre-censor to watch its exhibitions, we humbly think it is the duty of that officer to forbid all future representations of this school of miscalled comedy. A temporary indignation might be felt against the decision, but it would be partial, not general, and therefore not powerful, as it would affect his standing. The school is nearly extinct. The old pieces are seldom played; and no regret would be felt, were their performance altogether prohibited.

The public in this instance are before their watcher, for it is owing to the public distaste for the grossness and immorality of these farces, that they are now seldom exhibited. All new pieces written to this standard should be carefully investigated, and approved solely upon their moral excellence; indeed in a moral capacity is the licenser alone of any service to the Drama.

This moral censorship has hitherto been exercised solely by the public, and that it has been carried in the right direction, is a circumstance which creates high hopes in these improved perceptions, by which alone it could have been guided. In those improved perceptions we confess a boundless trust, and though some confidently tell us the public now care for nothing but scenes, dresses and actors, and go to the theatre, *not* to witness the Drama, our faith is no way shaken. They do frequent the playhouse occasionally, and we will here pause to investigate the truth of that assertion, which confines the popular taste to the adjuncts of the scene.

A Drama is imperfect as a poem. It is written with a view to its being combined with other arts. For its perfection it demands, and

relies on the assistance of the theatre, and in perusal, the imagination of the reader must be exerted to supply those aids on which the author intentionally depended, or the perfection of the Dramatist cannot be appreciated.

The Drama then is as a machine, in which many parts are simultaneously put in motion. If one of those parts be subtracted or imperfect, the whole machine is of course injured, but hence to infer the part necessary for the perfection of the whole is the only valuable or essential member, is as ludicrous a fallacy as that, which, according to Miller's authority, induced the bellows blower to congratulate himself on the performance of the organist. Yet on such puerile logic is the assertion based.

The public only require from the theatre a respectful attention to the demands of their favourite authors; they simply insist that Shakspeare shall receive the same formal observance to propriety, as they beheld lavished on *Cherry and Fair Star*. They only ask that the conceptions they bring to the theatre should not be violated by the negligence of the management. The windows of the printshops have informed the uneducated of the characteristics of those localities in which are laid most of the scenes of the legitimate Drama. The public comprehend the general aspect of Venice, and have opinions as to the outward appearance of Ancient Rome; then if *Shylock's* talking of the Rialto before the last pantomimic view of Bloomsbury—and if *Julius Cæsar's* walking to the Roman games past a correct copy of Russell Square, does offensively interfere with the association of their ideas and their notions of propriety, we regard the call for improvement as no proof that the one thing desired to be improved is the sole thing sought. Nor because the public know costume is characteristic of both time and place, and therefore object to the English monarchy sharing its wardrobe with the Venetian Republic—and having some idea of cleanliness and elegance, find no pleasure in the eccentricities of dirty rags and tarnished spangles, can we perceive that the command to amend such nastinesses is direct evidence of the tailor being the idol of their admiration. Where can an audience be found which would sit three hours looking enthusiastically at scenes and dresses? The idea is ridiculous. *The Tempest* succeeded with the self same scenery which had failed to make *Sinbad the Sailor* attractive.

They who rest their opinion on the fact of Shakspeare's Dramas having received new popularity on the stage, when their *accessaries* were *revived*, ever shut from their calculations the accompanying fact, that the Dramas were at the same time represented with a comparative purity of the text. If more was given to the Drama than at any previous period, more of the Drama also was simultaneously presented; and how much importance was attached to this last circumstance, the critiques of the press, and the announcements of the play-bills will decide. Then, together with the improvement of the adjuncts, the Drama itself was amended, and the patronage was consequent on the approach to completeness.

And with regard to actors being the north star of the heavens—who shall maintain such an argument? The refusal to witness the Drama, suffering under the distortions of inefficient players, argues no want of

perception, but the contrary. The eagerness to behold the Drama fitly embodied, infers no decay of proper appreciation, but the reverse. Yet, because *Hamlet* murdered, does not attract the same numbers to the theatre as *Hamlet* performed, the conclusion is forced from truth, and a combined result attributed to the last ingredient that was added. The principal actor in such a case makes the difference; but the difference is in the entire circumstance. He makes the completeness; but he is not that in himself. His appearance perfects that which, so perfected, is attractive; but he, separately, is not the attraction. We look upon the circumstance as a proof of the improvement of the public taste, which insists upon the whole being harmonious; that scenery, dresses, actors, and drama, shall be all of excellence.

Yet though the theatre depends for success upon its power of combination, and its chief study should be to note a variety of causes, and nicely calculate their united tendency, as the shades of popular opinion, prejudice, and taste—the manner in which each and all of these will be affected by the action, poetry and purpose of a drama; together with the manner in which the Drama itself may be affected by the aspect of its accessories, and the bearing of its representatives; though to calculate a simple result to be produced by the amalgamation of many distinct causes be the great interest of the theatre, and on its ability to do this, its success depends; the actors will attribute every new effect to a single cause, and from the theatre comes that ridiculous mistake we have been compelled to answer.

Lamentation is general over the decline of the Drama; but the lament is unfounded; every sign announces its revival. The stage is possessed by translations. The theatres patronize translators; but the Drama has banished them. They were introduced with the patent, and with those unconstitutional grants seem to be expiring. *Zara* and *the Distressed Mother* were things of other days, and are with the past. A translated drama would now be a monster which popular indignation would suppress at the hour of its birth. The mercenaries possess only the suburbs; the citadel is held by a native garrison; the right is firmly rooted; it were against nature to doubt its growth or its fruitfulness.

A change is in progress, not partial, but universal. France begins to doubt her classic laws, and Germany instructs the world in the study of Shakspeare. Other countries are parallel with ours in the movement which, urged on by opinion, will not be easily checked. Our Drama, struggling for emancipation, is yet bound by bad laws, and oppressed by ignorant rulers; but she is worshipped in her bondage: Coleridge, Byron, Scott, among the dead, have done her reverence: Wordsworth, Moore, Johanna Baillie, among the living, have ministered to her. Literature, in its brightest ornaments, can pay her no greater honour.

The stage has become distinct from the Drama; the two things are separated. The stage has declined, but the Drama is revived. No period of history can show the similitude of that which is now present, when all the first writers are inquiring into the attributes of the Drama, and diligently studying its qualities, and the very chief have deserted their *fortes*, to the endangering of their reputations—seeking a higher

fame in the hope of being admitted to the fellowship of Shakspeare. Shall we cheat our reason and abuse our knowledge by doubting that ultimate good, and great good, will and must result from an inquiry limited to no class or country, but propelled by universal intelligence, and conspicuously moving in the right direction? No man of common sense talks of the Drama as declined. The actors have raised the cry, because they are too ignorant to separate their ideas, and their vanity confounds their perceptions. They believe themselves to be the Drama, as the three tailors called themselves, "We, the people of England."

The stage has ever arrogated too much: it has repulsed those whom it should have conciliated, till its insolence has made it a solitude: more than half the theatres in England are closed, and two-thirds of the performers are unemployed; it is now tottering, because it has wilfully in its selfishness destroyed its supports. The Dramatist writes for the closet rather than subject himself to the dictations of ignorance and the scoffs of vanity. Their pride has left them alone to mourn over their littleness. Their complaints create no sympathy; their exhibitions excite no enthusiasm. They are lingering upon endurance.

Such is the broad feature of the case. It is too palpable to be denied. Yet as out of evil cometh good, so in the excess of its debasement, the stage begins to awaken to its folly. Theatres put forth professions—their sincerity is hollow; but the professions are a homage to truth: they are the first advance to reformation, and as they teach the expectations of the public, they will, in the end, compel their own observance.

Why are those that should lead the last to follow? The theatres can thrive only by anticipating the taste of the time—why are they ever so far behind it? The reason can be found only in a seeming paradox—as indeed the fact itself appears, when the foremost are the last; they are ruined by success. A successful piece gives a definite shape to their ideas; and the vacancy of their minds being so possessed, cannot be made empty again but by repeated blows. Thus, they harp upon one string. They do not search into principles, but pedantically follow precedents. One piece succeeds, and a troop of pieces, written in imitation of the successful one, immediately monopolize the stage. They inquire not into the remote causes which may have made such a piece, in its novelty, attractive; but infer that what has drawn good houses will continue to do so, and indulge their monomania till successive failures more than counterbalance the original profits. They are incapable of conceiving a whole. It is by snatches only they can see, and in their darkness they retain the image, and wonder when they peep again that time has changed it.

So now they can perceive a taste for the Shaksperian Drama; but they construe it into a taste only for Shakspeare. They play *Hamlet*, and find it adapted to the theatre; but could another *Hamlet* be presented to the theatre, it would be rejected as unfitted for representation. They understand not that the admiration is a taste, not a prejudice—that it is a perception of moral worth, not a superstitious reverence for a particular name—that it is an enlarged, an actuating principle, not a blind and morbid pedantry.

The change is accomplishing ; he will do well who is first to make it his advantage. Theatres being speculations, it is imperative they should dare, and dare they do ; but it is disgrace they brave, hazarding on the moral hardihood of the public by lustful exhibitions of female nudity. Success is gained only at the sacrifice of reputation ; and failure brings contempt to aggravate pecuniary disappointment. They may wail the absence of patronage ; but till they amend, it is hopeless to expect it. Patronage, in its nature, insists upon desert, seeking honour in return for liberality. Begin to deserve ; tear your hearts from the gawds and indecency of the theatre, and disconnect your minds from the trash which abets such puerilities. See that spectacle has been exhausted ; that " effects " are but repetitions, and the audiences have become hardened to their surprises, and cannot be any longer startled, amazed, and galvanised by pasteboard realities. Feel that the present taste is for the Drama. For many years the theatre has been devoted to theatrical—let it in good time now risk a Dramatic experiment. Soothe those you have angered ; make amends to any you may have wronged ; invite around you the literature of the day ; read, with an inquiring mind, the pieces you have rejected. Several of these have been much lauded : not a few have been pronounced actable by your own judges. If you perceive good in them, though at the same time you doubt their fitness, for the good you see, kindly restrain your judgement, and let them have a trial. They may not succeed, nor does all the trash you now bring forward ; but their failure will not disgrace you : it will make a reputation which shall be a hereafter profit ; and the experiment will tutor intelligence to do you future service. The pecuniary hazard, the nervous excitement, the bodily exhaustion, the pains and the expense of bringing out a Drama, are infinitely less than of producing a spectacle. The loss must be smaller ; the gain may be as great. The risk is in favour of the better trial : the self-support of good intentions, and the fame of desert will abide with you. There are the materials of fortune at your hand, if you have the head to shape them. Be warned. The Spirit of Genius is awakened ! It is madness to oppose it ; it is triumph to guide it.

Giving this advice, and believing in its expediency, the author has to lament his conviction that it will be disregarded. The Drama and the stage are at enmity. The stage has done the wrong, and is in possession of the power, and wrongfulness in power has ever been deaf to council ; so it has been in great matters, and will most likely be in little ones. The quarrel will rage till the aggressor is humbled, and many signs mark the hour of humiliation to be at hand. The theatres have set themselves to overdo and come tardy off, making the unskilful laugh ; but the judicious grieve, whose censure Shakspeare taught should be all in all in their allowance, which is, indeed, the truest policy ; for as the opinions of the judicious will influence the actions of the unskilful, so a theatre, living on opinion or taste, cannot be prosperous for any length of time when condemned by its verdict. There are but few so ignorant that their enjoyments are independent of their pride, and those few scattered among many theatres will not afford to each a remunerating audience. As education advances, every day will

lessen their numbers, and in the end the ill-conducted theatres be deserted.

While on the other hand, even at this time, every week announces the existence of some new unacted dramatist—some new play rejected by the theatre is advertised and published. The better side is daily recruited; its party enlarges, and its spirit, far from exhibiting symptoms of exhaustion, draws courage from injustice. Already the language of superiority is appropriated by it, and the dispute inverted to the higher ground of argument. The interchange of opinion supports and invigorates the purpose: it is vain to think it can be suppressed—it will have its way or make it—it appeals to principles and enlists sympathies. The means are yet wanting; but when did opinion fail to create them? It is for the present managers either to conciliate and profit by this growing spirit of the time, or allow it to seek a separate sphere, which recent events declare will not be long wanting for its reception. Managers have too high an opinion of their importance, when they war with intellect, which is immortal. Truth cannot be slain, nor principles starved. That party which has these on its side will ultimately conquer; and the resuscitated Drama, though a wanderer now, will not be long without a home.

LINES ON THE EARTHQUAKE AT LISBON, 1755.

Hot rose the sun, burning behind a cloud,
 That lazily bestrode the stagnant air;
 Like a tired swan sailing from climes remote,
 Slow moves as if too ponderous to be borne,
 And flags his heavy wings: and the high hills,
 The zones of cold eternal, burned like gold,
 In the hot furnace fused; the tender vines
 That clustered in the vales, and brotherlike
 In fond embraces clung, whose life was light,
 By the strong glance were withered, and their leaves
 Dropt shrivelled on the ground in yellow sere.
 There was no air,—or what came waft to the cheek,
 Burnt it like flame: the birds fell down in flocks,
 With pinions scorched in upper heaven,—breathless,—dead.
 The earth, like Nubian sands steamed under foot,
 And the poor dogs howled as they trod for pain,
 Then headlong rushed in Tagus' stream, which felt
 Like that old grotto of prophetic fame,
 Stifling the hurried breath: hence curled a smoke
 In masses palpable, and hid from sight
 The sun, moon, stars, the mountains, streams and trees;
 Darkness usurped dominion;—all was dark.
 Then men grew faint, and parched their clammy jaws;
 The voice was choked in utterance, and words
 Half-formed in guttural sounds were lost: the frame
 Drooped languid; and the heart with quivering pulse

Refused to lift its load too burthensome;
And dizzy intellect dejected sunk.

Yet there were some, intent on this world's wealth,
Who heeded not these portents; though they felt
Their nature quail within them, and their sense
Prenote the hour of wrath, they still would pluck
Life's last expiring joy, and hopeless then,
When nought was left to live for, stoop to death
And there were others of a frailer mood
Who when the world reeled under them, cried out,—
Embraced their friends or enemies, and clung
To tottering pillars, lest they fall: like those
Fear-stricken mariners, who when their barque
In Biscay's rolling bay, bends to the gust,
And trembles on the wave, seize the frail mast
In common danger struck: and these paced through
The torrid streets, with livid cheek and eye
Depicting dread;—nor spake they, but like ghosts
Looked anxiously in either face, and thus
Inquired and answered; and the awe thus limned
Struck mutual fear, and o'er each cheek despair
And paleness gathered deadlier than before.
And many men, by stronger passion urged,
And the event foreseeing snatched their wealth,
And hurried to the mountains, which they deemed
Impregnable to ruin; through the streets
The encumbered carriage groaned, laden with goods
To garnish other homes, while close behind
Fearing and waiting, walked the timid group.
And some in whom the love of wealth waxed strong,
Dreading to lose it in the general loss,
Presented dues, and rigid payment sought
As if they only were elect for life:—
But Death was near—the general creditor,
In some the dread of dissolution gave
Fuel to burning passion; and they feared
Not death so much as loss of what they loved.

A miser thus—his name Anselmo,—famed
For usury—and coffers rich as his
Proud Pompey's rival in the ancient world:
He had grown old in traffic; and his hair
Fallen loose in locks unshorn, was grizzled grey;
His eyes contracted in the hollow balls;
And his complexion seared by freckles dark,
And furrows deeply graved; while sharply rose
The features keen, as hewn from solid rock.
Emotion seldom traced on his cheek, save when
The dread of unsuccessful thrift, or loss
Of gold hard-earned, overwhelmed his feeble brain,

He had by patient shrug, and suppliant knee,
Winding life's various paths, much wealth amassed,
And made it his heart's idol—so 'twas said,—
And thrice a day with eager gaze, he knelt
And worshipped it, and clutched it to his heart,
Lest the rude passing wind with pinions broad,
Should sweep it from his sight. 'Twas God to him,
And life and kindred, and his hate was deep
Against all living things, because they shared
With him the riches of the world, and he
Was not sole owner : but they knew him not.

He had a daughter beautiful; her name
Was Zelima : to all but her his heart
Was adamant, but she in secret found
The springs of his humanity ; and thence
His love would flow in torrents, like a stream
Gushing o'er rocks, and sterile mountain brows,
But leaving on the beach fine golden sands,
Wrenched from its deepest bosom ; for he loved
His daughter, and his heart waxed bountiful.
She was a vision, such as seraphs might
In love's fond passion dream of, till they 'tempt
To grasp the form—too beautiful for life,
And lose it : thus her father gazed and loved ;
And she owed him her duteous reverence,
And paid it,—but no more. Her bosom loved
Her gentle Pedro, with her sire's consent :
He was so nobly formed in every limb,
So wonderful in movement, speech, and glance,
Breathing from every pore the soul within,
That Adam starting from the earth, when God
Inspired the subtle flame, and gave him soul
And strength and beauty, might indue the clay
Of his mortality, nor think in him
Perfection spoiled a jot : his glossy locks
Fell o'er his brows transparent ; but his eyes
Were not o'ershadowed, and his soul looked through,
Like Phœbus piercing his bright beams between
The vine's young tendrils round the casement hung.
He suppliant knelt, and gazed on Zelima
With passionate eye, and vowed his life away.
She heard him, and believed ; what cause for doubt ?
And old Anselmo, with a father's smile,
Declared they should be wed. What anxious joy,
And tremulous aspirations moved their souls,
When each gazed hopeful on the other's brow,
And saw a consort ! yet they spake no hopes ;
Their souls grew big with feeling, and the weak
Organic clay, o'erwhelmed with duty, failed
Its wonted task : the bounding current rushed

Along the quivering limbs, and filled the heart
O'erflowing, while the sense in lethargy
Luxuriously absorbed, was drowned in love.

The earth groaned on the morn, and men were heard
To make thanksgivings, and to pray aloud
In numerous congregations; but the dread
Of dissolution came not o'er their minds;—
They would be wed,—together live or die:
And old Anselmo, versed in worldly cares,
Delaying never what he had resolved
Concurred to fill the cup of happiness.

They stood before the altar, and the Priest,
With earnest voice, and face upturned to God,
Besought his blessing on the pair, who slow
And brokenly responded; for they felt
The awe and joy, which virtuous bosoms feel
When Deity binds fast the tender vow.
And Pedro took her hand—it trembled;—yet
He glanced with fond assurance, when beneath
Their feet, the earth rolled like a wave, and shook
The temple to its corner-stone,—broke up the roof,
And cracked its ponderous beams. The maiden stood
Transfixed with awe, like Niobe—then threw
Her arms around her lover. “Pedro, speak!
Doth my brain reel, or dream I now of heaven?”
The youth clutched the spare form, that swooned and sunk
Upon his manly bosom; while the old
Anselmo gazed in fear upon her cheek,
And struck in every joint with trembling start,
Smoothed back her silky locks, and threw wide ope
The casement; but there was no air. Then the Lord,
Riding on thunder-clouds, his lightnings hurled,
And as it glanced through space, it hovered still
Upon the topmost tower, like goshawk poised
Above his trembling prey, and then with plunge
Unerring down it rushed:—the victims breathed
But once, and life extinguished in the shock
Left the dead cinder standing; still they clasped,—
Like statues grouped by cunning sculptor's art,
Their arms together;—thus the ivy still
Cut from its root, entwines the hollow oak.

Anselmo wailed, and tears coursed down his cheek;
He kissed the corpse o'er which he hung, and prayed.
'Twas nature bursting from his heart, and he,
Though none believed him, was sincere in grief.
He loved his daughter,—but his gold not less;
And when he cast his eyes upon the altar-place,
His generous soul collapsed: the big salt tears
Stopt midway in their course, and his keen glance

Fell hard upon the crucifix ; 'twas worked
In solid gold, and richly chased with gems
And precious jewels. These he spied ; nor could
The danger quench his burning passion ; forth
He stepped, and sudden clutched the tempting spoil,—
Then looked round anxiously, but none were there,
And not one eye beheld the wrong—but His !
Again the earth rolled fearfully, and sounds
Like thunder echoing in its hollow caves
The people stunned ; the old cathedral reeled,—
The crucifix shook from its base declined,
And downward falling, cleft the old man's brain.
He died ;—a robber in the evil act
Cut down !—and then the huge towers fell amain,
Interring 'neath their mass the fated forms.

But scenes more terrible the streets displayed :
The earth had oped its fiery jaws, and gulphed
Men and their habitations in one doom ;
And what it spared, the ravenous flames consumed.
On every side the lambent element
Shot upward like the wild Boréan lights
That flash along the sky, and seeming paint
The universe in flame :—thus bright they flew
And crackled o'er dilapidated domes,
Like fiery serpents hissing o'er their prey ;
And, midst the tottering fanes and flashing fires,
Regardless of the shock, with deathbolts armed,
The bandits, fierce in their vocation, brake
The merchant's scoffers and the temples spoiled ;
And many a group, led by a pious monk,
Knelt down beneath the darkling element,
And gasping sought, with suffocated breath,
Almighty Mercy ; and their bosoms beat,
And tore their hair in agony of soul ;—
A mother wailing o'er her child,—a sire
Of old decrepitude and grief, the prey,
Borne by a gallant son, a common sight !

And many holding all they owned on earth
Ran seaward, hoping safety from the wave ;
And vessels, numberless, laden to the beam
With human freight, slow through the ocean dragged—
But few escaped the waves like leaping hills
Came rolling onwards from their slimy beds,
Breaking away their natural boundaries ;
They swamped the barques, whelmed the domiciles
Like beaver dams by great Niagara
O'erturned, and hurled in heaps impetuous down :
Back they retired, and on the seaweed lay

Exhibited the corpses of the dead,
Concealed again by the tumultuous surge.

And some to the high mountains flocked; for they
Had stood the monuments of Nature's skill
Since the Creation; but they trembled now:
Their massive sides, broad based upon the world,
Shook like a reedy bank, and cleft right down
Low as the fixed foundations of the globe,
Wide open, and below strong in their womb,
The thunders struck the rocks like sounding shells
Found on the Indian coast; and the fierce flames
Boiled high against the sky through the deep chinks
Exchanging lightning-shocks, like martial foes,
With the resounding Heaven,—all were crushed
Who hurried here for aid, gulphed fathoms deep
In Earth's deep central cavity. 'Twas all
A scene of desolation; not the hills
Nor Ocean, nor the domes of the Most High
Gave help to Man, or stayed the general doom.
Thus the Omnipotent decreed—"I will!"
And ruin universal marked the law.

GEORGE ROSS.

OUR MONTHLY CRYPT.

"As good almost to kill a man, as kill a good book: who kills a man, kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills Reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life."

The Hebrew and English Holy Bible: the Hebrew reprinted from the Text of Heidenheim; the English Version compared with the original, and carefully revised. By the late SOLOMON BENNETT. Edited by FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq., Editor of "Collier's Ecclesiastical History." Straker, London. Part I.

WE have the happiness to agree with the critics of the *Times*, the *Post*, the *Spectator*, and other journals, in commendation of this work, which does much credit to all parties concerned in it. The Hebrew text of Heidenheim has never before been issued from an English press, though no edition is so much esteemed by the Jews. It here appears beautifully printed by Messrs. Wertheimer & Co. with a revised English version in parallel columns. In his prefatory remarks, we observe that Mr. Barham takes the same view of Moses Mendelssohn's theology, which has been taken by many of the German divines criticised in this Magazine. That theology Coleridge and others used to term *prothetic*, pre-existent and aboriginal—a theology of absolute abstract truth, existing as an eternal unity, in perfect wholeness and catholicity, previous to, and independent of, any partial forms and modes of its manifestation. Concerning this *prothetic* theology, Ranke, in his *History of the Popes*, thus concludes:—"The more perfect apprehension of the

spiritually true and immutable, which lies at the bottom of all forms but can be expressed by none, in its whole infinite extent, must at length allay all animosities. High above all the contradictions which have agitated the minds or alienated the hearts of men—let us never relinquish this hope—*there dwells the unity of a simple consciousness of the being and presence of God reposing on itself in serene and inviolable security.*” But Mr. Barham shall speak for himself respecting the theologic doctrine of Mendelssohn. His words are these:—“According to Mendelssohn, who mainly agreed with Rittangel and Mirandola, there was but one essential, spiritual, and universal religion in the universe, namely, the worship and service of the supreme Al, Alah, or God. This religion, which may be expressed by the word *Alism* according to Mendelssohn, is that divinity or divine truth which pervades the successive economies known by the names of Judaism and Christianity, both of which he represents as admirable parts of one divine whole, and both resolvable into that divine original from which they sprang, and, separate from which, they are but partial, external, and formal dispensations. It is therefore as an Alist or Divine, and as such, uniting in himself both Jew and Christian, that Mendelssohn (like Lessing’s Nathan the Wise) speaks of Judaism and Christianity.” This statement seems to agree with one made by Pascal in his “Thoughts,” and which he has employed a chapter to prove, viz. that “*true Jews and true Christians always had one and the same religion.*”

Of the Government of Churches : a Discourse pointing at the Primitive Form.
By HERBERT THORNDIKE. Edited by the Rev. DAVID LEWIS, M.A.
Steward, London. 1841.

This is a beautiful reprint of one of the most celebrated works of the learned Thorndike, Prebendary of Westminster, who died 1672. He was one of the ablest scholars of his age, and greatly assisted Walton in his Polyglott. The view he takes of ecclesiastical authority is so high, that he differs little from Collier and the non-jurors in many of his arguments, and consequently he is quoted with approbation, not only by our own high Churchmen, but also by Roman Catholics. Witness Thomas Moore, Esq., in his “Travels of an Irish Gentleman in Search of a Religion.”

A Practical Guide to the Duties of Churchwardens in the Execution of their Office. By CHARLES GREVILLE PRIDEAUX, Esq. London: Shaw and Sons. 1841.

“A great book is a great evil,” says the philosopher. In this case the converse of the proposition is true—a little book is a great good. Mr. Prideaux’s little book on Churchwardens, we can safely recommend as an admirable epitome of the Church and Parish Laws. Grounded on the work of his illustrious namesake, and superadding all the information on the subject to be collected from Burns and the ecclesiastical lawyers, it is certain to become popular among the class of persons interested in the topics of which it treats.

A Guide to the Loan Societies of London. London: Strange. 1841.

The intention of the Legislature in authorizing the establishment of “*Loan Societies*,” was, undoubtedly, most benevolent; but it would appear that they have not effected such a measure of good as their advocates anticipated. So far from affording a person of small capital, whom a temporary depression of trade, or any other unforeseen calamity might reduce to distress, an effectual and permanent relief, they oftentimes are the means of increasing and perpetuating his difficulties. Aught which tends to create an unqualified system of borrowing among the industrious classes, is of itself an evil of the worst nature: and when the money lent is obtained at an exorbitant rate of interest, it is evident that the mischief done must be incalculable. Many are mixed

up in these Loan Societies who possess strong religious principles, and who, had they an idea of the misery occasioned by the usurious tendencies of the institutions they support, would be the first to desire a reform. To take usury (or interest) from the poor, is expressly forbidden in Holy Writ; yet, by these associations, a percentage of at least fifteen pounds is extorted from the necessities of the needy borrower. We firmly believe that the supporters and conductors of *Loan Societies* are upright and conscientious men; but we entreat them to be careful, lest others, less scrupulous, should, at some future time, render benevolence a cloak for the most fatal and destructive avarice.

The Philosophy of Mystery. By WALTER COOPER DENDY. London: Longman & Co. 1841.

Bating some few errors which the mere physiologist will ever commit, and an occasionally *pseudo* poetical style, this is a very commendable book. The time, however, has gone past, when it was held a proof of superior sanity to sneer at Coleridge, as a man who had passed his life in a prolonged dream; and to laugh at the *Ancient Mariner*, as the offspring of a "noble mind perverted by poppy juice." Although Mr. Dendy may consider that poem, and *Christabel*, to be "melancholy" instances of the Author's "delinquency," others will not be less willing to "pore" with a "thrill of admiration" over the "romantic and unearthly stories" thus condemned. To think of calling the spectre of Life-in-Death a burlesque!!!—Mr. Dendy may be assured that he does not understand Coleridge, and is incapable of appreciating poetry.

Yet notwithstanding Mr. Dendy's erroneous appreciation of Coleridge, and of metaphysical inquiries (which he would wholly subordinate to physical science,) we can give him abundant credit as an intelligent and talented writer, little disposed to favour anybody's vagaries—but his own.

One Hundred Sonnets, translated after the Italian of Petrarch; with the Original Text, Notes, and a Life of Petrarch. By SUSAN WOLLASTON. London: Bull. 1841.

Translated with much care—and that is all! Were it not for the Italian text on the alternate pages, we should be wholly at a loss to discover, by merely reading this volume, the divine revelations of genius, which have rendered Petrarch's name immortal. Miss Wollaston is no poetess.

Railway Transit: a Letter to the Rt. Hon. Henry Labouchere, M.P. President of the Board of Trade. BY FRANCIS ROUBILIAC CONDER, Civil Engineer. London: Weale. 1841.

The prevalence of railway accidents imperatively demands that measures should be taken to ensure safety as well as speed. Mr. Conder makes several valuable suggestions to this end.

"I would suggest, that each Company should be required to appoint a Transit Engineer, who should be a Civil Engineer, between five and twenty and fifty years of age,—of at least seven years' experience in his profession,—and who should have absolute control over the whole line and the stations; his department beginning where that of the secretary terminated. He should be the organ of all communications between the Company and the Board of Trade. He should have the power of appointment and dismissal of every workman, policeman, guard, driver, and stoker on the line. As his power would be great, so would be his responsibility. In the event of any accident not clearly and utterly unavoidable, he should be called to account, and, if necessary, placed under arrest. No personal feeling should be allowed to interfere with the interests of the Company; and the first symptom of neglect or incapacity should also be the last. He should live on the line, and never be a mile from it without leave or notice; and, of course, his salary should be ample. On his appointment or his continuance in office, the Government should have a veto.

"On a long line, this officer should be assisted by a second in command,

of similar qualifications, for every twenty-five or thirty miles. He should take orders only from his superior, and be responsible to him alone. The degree of responsibility sustained by these officers, for the conduct of the men under their orders, would induce a vigilant scrutiny into the characters of those whom they hired, that would be more effective than any thing else for the prevention of misconduct.

"The Constructive Engineer could not of course be subservient to the Transit Engineer; but, as, after the completion of the line, his office would be of secondary importance, it would be requisite that he should be in communication with that officer, and that he should employ no men *above the balance line of the Railway* without his concurrence. This post would probably be best filled by a Consulting Engineer, with liberty to appoint his assistant; the engagement being given to the Engineer-in-chief who constructed the line, and who, after perhaps laying out millions of money, for which an architect would have received his Five per cent., and injuring his health by his devotion to the interests of the Company, should receive a proportionate retiring salary, as an act of bare justice.

"The Superintendent of Locomotives should be under the orders of the Transit Engineer, and act as captain of the drivers, stokers, and mechanical workmen.

"The Police should have an Inspector at each station, to be himself under the orders of the second Transit Engineer.

"The workmen repairing the line would of course have their proper Foreman, under the same regulations as the Inspectors of Police.

"Each man employed on the line should have a printed copy of the Orders, Regulations, and Signals, which should also be read over twice a week, by each foreman to all his men.

"A raised seat, protected by glass, should be affixed to each tender, to be occupied by a Conductor, responsible for the timing of the train, and for attention to signals. He should be furnished with a gong, one blow on which might denote 'Attention;' two, 'Shut off steam;' three, 'Use the brakes;' four 'Reverse.' As this office would require great attention, and involve some personal risk, at the same time that the person who occupied it would not be so much exposed to the weather as the Engine-driver, it would require a rate of pay sufficient to allow of its being held by a superior class of men without degradation, and would present a school for future Transit Engineers."

"The signals employed on railways need be few and simple. A comparison of the existing codes, and a compilation of all their best characteristics into one code, to be authoritatively and universally promulgated, would have more effect on the safety of travelling, than volumes of recommendations. One thing seems clear; that, as the proper state of the railway is to be free for the passage of trains, no news should be good news; or, in other words, every signal should denote danger: and danger, on railways, can have but two signals—'Go cautiously,' and, 'Stop.' The white and the red signal (flag by day, and lamp by night) seem sufficient to answer this purpose. An exception may perhaps be made, in order to distinguish between a train travelling on the up and on the down line. Let, for instance, green be the signal for an engine moving on the one, and red, for one moving on the other. Thus, two green lamps, (by night, or flags by day,) one above the other, on the front or chimney of the engine, would denote the approach of a train on the up line: two green lamps on the same level would denote its being in advance. Were this the rule, no engine, whether belonging to a train, ballasting, or acting as a pilot, should stir from the stables without the proper marks. A multiplicity of lamps might be avoided by constructing each lamp with two bright tin sides, and one stout bull's eye glass at the back, and another at the front,—the one red, and the other green. A sliding piece, with a reflector in the centre, might be slipped in at the top of the

lamp, either in the front, or at the back, and inside the glass, according as a green or a red signal was required. The construction of the new solar lamp would appear to be well suited for the purpose of giving a brilliant light at a small expense.

"That the Magnetic Telegraph ought to be universally introduced on railways, there can, I think, be little doubt:—a greater security in case of accident cannot be imagined. It cannot be expected that its power should be very great; yet, as the gifted inventor has stated, that it is able to ring a bell at the stations by detaching an escapement, it does not seem unreasonable to suppose that a similar escapement might be constructed in connexion with a moveable glass shade for each lamp, so that, on any accident occurring on the line, the guard of the train should proceed to the nearest point of communication with the telegraph, and, on his displaying the signal of danger, the escapements would be removed, and a red light be shown at each lamp. Every train then in motion would perceive the signal, and would proceed slowly to the nearest station, where the particulars of the accident would have arrived by the telegraph before them, and the requisite precautions would be adopted. I merely suggest this plan, on the strength of Mr. Wheatstone's evidence, not having had it in my power to make any experiments on the subject.

"Another contrivance that might be of use in the timing of the trains, would be, to have at each station a couple of train clocks, one for the up, and one for the down line: they should both be connected with the same moving power, and so constructed that either might be stopped at any moment, and set to any time, without interfering with the other. Above each clock should be a kind of date-box, into which the description of the next due train, and its proper hour of arrival, should from time to time be inserted. Thus, *Down Mail Train due Ten P. M.*, the words in italics being moveable. The part of the dial-plate of the clock usually occupied by the figure 12, would be marked *due*, and would of course refer to the hour in the date-box. The minutes would be numbered right and left from this point to 30 min. Half an hour before the train was due, the hand of the clock would be set to the 30 minutes, and the clock set in motion. It would then denote at each minute the time that ought to intervene before the arrival of the train. A moveable plug by the side of the rail might be easily connected with the clock, so as to stop the index on the arrival of the train: the hour and minute would be denoted when the clock was again set for the next train. The time thus denoted might either be that of arrival at, or departure from the station; and all persons engaged at the station would be able at any moment to tell without calculation how soon the next train was due; a most important consideration, when the question of time is also the question of safety, and when a mistake of five minutes in transferring a carriage or a truck from one line to another, might endanger the life and limbs of hundreds of passengers. The conductor of a train should be fined for allowing his engine to arrive before it was due; and the starting and arrival of the slow trains should be as accurately fixed as those of the fast.

"Another contrivance which, I think, might be very useful to prevent the running of one train into another, would be, to have at certain points along the line conspicuous clocks erected, to be illuminated by night, and so arranged, by a simple mechanical contrivance, which it is unnecessary here to describe, that, whenever a train passed, the hands of the clock should be moved back to 12 M. The driver or conductor of each train would thus at once see, on approaching the clock, how far, in point of time, the preceding train was a-head of him; and, if he were too near for safety, in the case of any delay, would slacken his pace accordingly, at the same time that his passing the clock would prepare an indication to the next train of his own progress. Were these clock stations frequent, they would render accidents from one train running into another almost impossible.

"Another precaution for safety at stations, where the majority of accidents happen, would be as follows. At a distance from the station, to be regulated by the power of the engines, and by the length of rail which they required in order to stop, about six inches of the rail itself should be moveable, remaining in its ordinary state from two to three inches above the average level, and sloped off either way so as to avoid any jar being given when the wheel of the engine passed over it. A powerful lever should be attached to this moveable portion of the rail, connected with a wire rope passing through an iron pipe, and reaching to the station, where, by pulling back a bolt, it would allow a self-acting bell to ring as an announcement of the train. At the same time, the red signal might be displayed, by means of the same machinery, at the point where the lever was fixed. A similar moveable rail on the other side of the station, would remove the red signal, and replace the contrivance in its former position, on the train passing by on leaving the station. If objection were entertained to interfering with the rail, a modification of the same plan might be employed, to be acted on by a roller affixed to the engine for that purpose."

There are many other suggestions and remarks which we have not space to notice.

Medical Reform: a Letter to the Rt. Hon. Viscount Melbourne, with the Outlines of a Bill for Regulating the Practice of Surgeon Apothecaries, and a Plan for suppressing Uneducated Practitioners. By MARTIN SINCLAIR, M.D. London: Highley. 1841.

A very clever pamphlet; the representations contained in which, deserve the attention of the government and the public.

The Origin, Progress, and Present Condition of the Fine Arts in Great Britain and Ireland. By W. B. SARSFIELD TAYLOR. London: Whittaker & Co. 1841.

Very carefully and diligently compiled. It contains some good criticism, and displays much professional learning; although it might perhaps have proved more satisfactory, if the several epochs of art had been less rapidly portrayed.

A New English Grammar, with very Copious Exercises, and a Systematic View of the Formation and Derivation of Words. By ALEXANDER ALLAN, Ph. D., and JAMES CORNWALL. London: Simpkin and Marshall. 1841.

Vastly superior to some School Grammars which have been put into our hands. The present work possesses some important peculiarities, of which these are the principal:—1st, The Etymology is treated more fully than is usual; and the formation of the primary, Saxon, and purely English Derivatives is, for the first time taught in a School Grammar: 2nd, The Verbs commonly called Irregular, are arranged in regular classes; and the Plural commonly called Irregular, are classified and explained: 3rd, The arrangement of the Tenses, usually very complicated and perplexing, is very much simplified: 4th, Every section or paragraph is numbered throughout the book, so that any remark or rule can be easily and quickly referred to: 5th, None of the Exercises contain bad English to be put into good; a practice as pernicious as it is general: and 6th, Many usages and phrases, which, although purely idiomatic and sanctioned by our best writers, have been condemned as bad in many School Grammars, are regarded as genuine English, and reduced to rule. These novel features promise to render it one of the most popular, as it is one of the most correct, works of its kind.

The Mineral Springs of England. By EDWIN LEE, M. R. C. S., &c. &c. London: Whittaker & Co. 1841.

Very ably supplies a long and grievously felt desideratum.

We have received No. 13, of "Willis's Canadian and Irish Scenery Illustrated"—"Whiston's Josephus"—"Fox's Book of Martyrs, edited by the Rev. John Cumming, M. N., all published by George Vertue. These works proceed excellently, and are profusely adorned with admirable engravings.

Your Life, by the Author of my Life. Fraser.

The Ex-Dissenter has here given us another biting satirical work, showing much learning and orthodoxy.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY :
A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

THE ÆSTHETIC STUDENT, THE SYNCRETIST, AND THE EDITOR.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

THERE is a deep meaning in the fact that, on the first of May, the Royal Academy opens, and the sweeps make holiday.

SYNCRETIST.

Put them together, and you get a symbol.

EDITOR.

Which, after all, is only a representative portion of some prior whole. You could not, however, have well chosen two things more opposite than the exhibitions of the finished artist, and the uncouth pretensions of the lowest artisan. Yet is there a community between them; the poor sweep even has a love for the Beautiful, and shows it on May-day grotesquely enough, yet sincerely. His pride, too, in the day's doings is as great as that of Sir Martin Archer Shee—his anxiety not less—his recompense equal, if not greater. The widow's mite is still *all*, whether in the giving or receiving.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

What they represent, then, is a love for the Beautiful.

SYNCRETIST.

Oh, no ! but out of the two you may get an idea of the Beautiful.

EDITOR.

Stuff! Each of them is a symbol—they are two poles of the same line—one is the *plus* and the other the *minus*, and they stand as twin powers of a common Being in which is manifested an active Mystery. You may call it Love, if you will—that is, if you are entitled to call it anything at all—nay, an' you list, you may call it the love of the Beautiful; so that you do not confound it with the Beautiful. Considered in relation to the Beautiful, it is itself the Sublime.

SYNCRETIST.

It is easy, you know, to use words. But then, after all, what is the Sublime—and what the Beautiful?

EDITOR.

You want a definition—that is, the substitution of one word for another. *What humbug!*—But what you *will* have, you *must* have. The Sublime, then, is the Infinite!—the Beautiful,—the Indefinite.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

And the Useful?

EDITOR.

The Finite! Are you helped, gentlemen?

SYNCRETIST.

I can't say that I am. I want the Infinite, the Indefinite, and the Finite defined.

EDITOR.

Another set of words? Really! Why, the last is the definition of the other two. The Useful *limits* the Beautiful and Sublime—the Finite *limits* the Indefinite and Infinite. The word is made flesh—the Infinite and the Sublime is embodied in the Finite and Useful. The Beautiful is the Virgin Mother through whom the revelation comes. You find the highest in the lowest—the widest in the narrowest—the greatest in the least. There is the infinitely small, as well as the infinitely large. Deal with things—not with words! See the Artist in the Sweep—see the man in both—see God in all!

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Poor Blake's Sympathies with Sweeps!

EDITOR.

Read the lyrics—small gems, yet of incalculable worth.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT (*reading*).

THE CHIMNEY SWEEPER.

A LITTLE black thing among the snow,
Crying, "Weep! weep!" in notes of woe:
Where are thy father and mother? say;
"They are both gone up to the church to pray.

"Because I was happy upon the heath,
And smiled among the winter's snow,
They clothed me in the clothes of death,
And taught me to sing the notes of woe:

"And because I am happy, and dance and sing,
They think they have done me no injury,
And are gone to praise God and his Priest and King,
Who make up a heaven of our misery."

"When my mother died, I was very young,
And my father sold me, while yet my tongue
Could scarcely cry, 'Weep! weep! weep! weep!
So your chimneys I sweep and in soot I sleep.'

"There's little Tom Dacre, who cried when his head,
That curl'd like a lamb's back, was shaved; so I said,
Hush, Tom! never mind it, for when your head's bare,
You know that the soot cannot spoil your white hair.

"And so he was quiet, and that very night,
As Tom was a sleeping, he had such a sight,
That thousands of sweepers, Dick, Joe, Ned, and Jack,
Were all of them lock'd up in coffins of black.

" And by came an angel who had a bright key,
And he opened the coffins, and set them all free ;
Then down a green plain, leaping, laughing, they run,
And wash in a river, and shine in the sun.

" Then naked and white, all their bags left behind,
They rise upon clouds, and sport in the wind ;
And the angel told Tom, if he'd be a good boy,
He'd have God for his Father, and never want joy.

" And so Tom awoke, and we rose in the dark,
And got with our bags and our brushes to work ;
Tho' the morning was cold, Tom was happy and warm,—
So if all do their duty, they need not fear harm."

EDITOR.

I am moved to tears. Blake was an artist, too ; herein perceive the reason of his fellow-feeling for the poor outcast. Oh ! is not the highest artist equally an outcast too ? Poet and Artist, both Fatherless Ideas—God's Orphans ! Michael Angelo was a Poet as well as an Artist. Read John Edward Taylor's book on Michael Angelo, considered as a philosophic Poet, and learn with him to " unite the efforts of the pure Intelligence and the Desires of the heart to their highest earthly accomplishment under the complete forms of Art. For the example of so eminent a mind, watched and judged not only by its finished works, but, as it were, in its growth and from its inner source of love and knowledge, cannot but enlarge the range of our sympathy for the best powers and productions of man ; and if Mr. Taylor's pages should meet with any readers, inclined, like their writer, to seek and to admire the veiled Truth and solemn Beauty of the elder time, they will add their humble testimony to the fact, that, whatever be the purpose and tendencies of the time we live in, we are not all unmindful of the better part of our inheritance in the world." I am now quoting the author's preface.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

You are not going to read the book ?

SYNCRETIST.

No—for Heaven's sake !

EDITOR.

For Heaven's sake ? That is the very reason why I should read it. As a poet, Michael Angelo was indeed one of God's orphans—he merited the Poet's wreath—he never wore it. Have we not lost by this ? For if the works of Michael Angelo are stamped with the characteristics of unity of thought, sublimity of conception, and grandeur of design ; and if the attainment of the high feeling which these evince was the result of profound study and reflection, as unquestionably it was ; then a just estimate of his character and powers can only be gained by an insight into the secrets of his mind, the springs of thought which animated his soul and directed his hand. In this view, (adds Mr. Taylor,) his poetry becomes highly interesting and valuable, as revealing to us the sources of his feeling for art, and the

training it underwent; and the more so, because, with the exception of a few letters, and the Discourse he delivered before the Florentine Academy, it is the only key left us to the mysteries of his great and glorious creations.

The production of this great artist's pen rank unquestionably in the number of the most perfect of his own or any subsequent age. Stamped by a flow of eloquence, a purity of style, an habitual nobleness of sentiment, they discover a depth of thought rarely equalled, and frequently approaching to the sublimity of Dante. He did not allow his compositions to be published during his lifetime; they were the secret intercourse which his Genius, in her loneliness on earth, held with eternal truths, untroubled with the thought of descending to the reach of inferior intellects. He alone possessed the key of his philosophic and poetic system; its elements are scattered and confused, and to recover and collect them must be the work of application and study. If the task of translating the poetry of Michael Angelo is difficult, that of analyzing it is still more so; we have to follow through the labyrinth of his inspirations, scattered like the Sibyl's leaves, the clue which guided his own superior reason, and which he cared not to render visible to others. Whatever may be the usual disadvantage of a paraphrase, it must in this instance go step by step with translation; and Michael Angelo has need of a commentator in order to find a faithful interpreter.*

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Let us look at the pictures!

EDITOR.

Let us understand the principles on which pictures ought to be painted. Few artists study these—one, however, I know who does. My friend George Patten is, in the secret recesses of his mind, as ideal and Platonic as Michael Angelo himself.

SYNCRETIST.

Still Michael Angelo!

EDITOR.

In the gardens of Lorenzo's Academy his eye became habituated to forms of beauty, to the treasures of the ancient schools of art; whilst in the society and intimacy of Marsilio Ficino, Poliziano, Pico di Mirandola, and of Lorenzo himself,† his thoughts were cast and formed in the mould of philosophy. Its doctrines he carried into his art, and they schooled and refined his naturally ardent feelings, and directed them to a definite though abstract idea of perfection. His works discover the effect which such a mental discipline engendered. It led him to cultivate that meditative disposition which revealed to him the grand principles of art, taught him to regard design as the crea-

* We would refer the reader to an article on the poetry of M. Angelo in the *Bibliothèque Universelle de Genève*, for 1833, of which we have in several instances availed myself.

† The poetry of Lorenzo ranks foremost in the productions of his age. We scarcely know anything more beautiful than his *Laude*, or his poem entitled *L'Altercazione*, in which he gives a poetical exposition of the doctrines of Plato as taught by Ficino.

tive expression of the workings of the soul; and, filled with sublimity of conception, the most glorious attribute of which the mind is capable, the link connecting it with divinity, he studied to bring out its revelations, and to create the image from a contemplation of the form in the Creator's own works. The beauty he worshipped was purely intellectual: it was the union of all ideas of greatness, goodness, and excellence: it was the beauty of perfection; whatever his mind fixed upon as the nearest approach to this, which alone resides in the Creator, he followed, he studied, he in a manner adored; and if, with himself, we may say

"Ch' amar dee l' opra chi 'l suo Fabro adora,"

we may justly add, that such a love as his for the great and beautiful in God's works of creation was the surest and most refining discipline of the mind for the highest tribute of adoration to his Maker.

Thus was his life devoted to the pursuit of an ideal object of sublimity. Those who, from a limited apprehension of Art, would restrict the Artist's attention to a servile imitation of objects presented to the eye, know little of the real character either of the poetry of life or of the imagination. Nature is present not only in the world without, but in the world within: the eye is but a single organ, a narrow inlet of impressions to the mind; it is the imagination, the passions, which must work; and, when guided by judgement and reflection, these are the sources whence arise that pure and deep feeling, that "fine particle within us, which expands, rarefies, and refines our whole being."

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

But these are portraits we are looking at.

EDITOR.

Ah! they are portraits. Only in the Useful will the people of this country contemplate the Beautiful and Sublime. George Patten's portraits are two (No. 28 and 538)—groups both of them—pictures therefore. Ere long they will be valuable, as the latter, for the artist's sake. These are no mere copies; there are ideas conceived and embodied—nothing, however, there that is false to fact. Yet something more than fact—the fact is elevated to a symbol—form and expression are both ideal, yet real. George Patten's portraits are superior to Sir Thomas Lawrence's; and because there is no man sufficiently bold to say this, I say it. The comprehension of the philosophic principles and grounds of art makes him an artist—a great and worthy artist! He paints, too, the intellect as well as the face.

SYNCRETIST.

A man may know what is what without being able to execute—you must syncretize knowledge and power.

EDITOR.

To be sure. The latter constitutes, (says Mr. Taylor,) the technical science of art. There are limits to the powers of painting, of sculpture, of poetry, and of music; and in overstepping these, the artist inevitably violates the principles which should direct him, and fails in his object. But if we philosophically investigate the just province of different branches of art, other lines of distinction than those merely

of the pencil, the chisel, the pen, and instruments of sound, will present themselves. We shall be led to trace the stream to its source, and to class the Poet with the Painter and the Musician. Never perhaps was there a more glorious parallel than that which might be drawn between Dante and Michael Angelo : the same mighty spirit guided the pen of the one and the pencil of the other. Michael Angelo was the Dante of Art, Dante the Michael Angelo of Poetry.*

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Heaven ! What a fine painting is that of Eastlake's !

SYNCRETIST.

Which ?

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

No. 75.—Messiah weeping over Jerusalem, seated on the Mount of Olives, with his Disciples, and contemplating the fated city in the distance.

EDITOR.

Do not describe it. Study it. All is severe and symbolic in it. Every countenance is distinctly expressive. Be silent awhile, and the tears will come into your eyes as you look *into* it. It has the power of stirring emotion, as strongly as a drama, yet without violence of action. Be silent, I say.

SYNCRETIST.

Why are you not silent ?

EDITOR.

Psha ! I was only thinking, not speaking.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Thinking aloud, then.

EDITOR.

Pardon—your pardon !

SYNCRETIST.

That is a fine portrait of the Duke of Sussex, (No. 60,) by Hart.

EDITOR

There is one of William Harrison Ainsworth, Esq., by Pickersgill.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Esquire, indeed ! Why, it is a peripatetic hatter, exposing a specimen of his wares for sale.

SYNCRETIST.

Now—do look at the temptation of Andrew Marvell, by C. Landseer. Ah ! there is the friend and eulogist of the Divine Milton, too honest for a bribe—the courtier of the second Charles has no chance with that stern yet serene virtue.

EDITOR.

No desire, friend, on his part, to syncretize God and Mammon.

SYNCRETIST.

No—nor on the part of any true Syncretist.

* It would be easy to quote other parallels. What Dante was to Michael Angelo, Petrarca was to Raffaello ; and to descend to a totally opposite school, who has not recognised in Goldsmith and Crabbe the minute delicacy, the distinct accuracy, of the Dutch painters ?

EDITOR.

Granted—the charge is a weak invention of the enemy to “peace on earth and good will among men.”

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

One can say nothing more than has been said of Turner. He is a Master whose students must be masters.

EDITOR.

Right—right! Worship Turner—but nevertheless admire Mulready, (No. 109). The meet training of a child is here beautifully shown. This and Eastlake's are the two pictures of the season.

SYNCRETIST.

Would you not prefer Maclise's *Sleeping Beauty*, (No. 124).

EDITOR.

They are classic—this is romantic. A beautiful picture—but those are sublime ones. Those awaken the moral emotions—this excites the fancy. In those we find nothing but what every one would do if he could—in this, there are many things that no other man probably could do, but no other artist would care to do them. It is surprising the difficulties that are overcome in this piece. We applaud the skill—the labour. 'Tis clever—one wishes one had not to use the word. All clever things are hateful. No man of genius was a clever man; and I would fain believe Maclise to be a man of genius. But such exhibitions of talent perplex the judgement. What splendid tea-boards Maclise's pictures would make!

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

So would Martin's!

SYNCRETIST.

What do you say to Etty's?

EDITOR.

No doubt there—a man of veritable genius! What are they?—Nos. 21, 136, 206, 322, 379, 519. “Group—Morning.” “The Repentant Prodigal's Return to his Father.” “To arms, to arms, ye brave!” “Still Life.” “Female Bathers surprised by a Swan.” “David.” Ah! that is enough. They are *above* criticism. Better be dumb than talk nonsense on such things. Buy them all, if you have the money. All are the products of a genius still vigorous—severe—manly. It is *virtù-ous* to admire, where excellence is so transcending.

SYNCRETIST.

Stanfield and Robert's Landscapes are fine.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Very.

SYNCRETIST.

Herbert, Webster, and Dadd have also painted pictures of great excellence.

EDITOR.

But I want to see the Sculpture. We must come another day for the rest. Ha! Bailey has a bust in marble (unfinished) of the Prince (1217)—faithful and spirited. But here is another thing of his. Gods! how fine! *Eve listening to the Voice*, a statue. Other Sculp-

tures are good, I see—a glance suffices to show that—but I will look at nothing else than this.

ÆSTHETIC STUDENT.

Surely, you will look at this model of Michael Angelo, (No. 1229,) to be executed by C. Smith, for the Marquess of Lansdowne.

EDITOR.

Yes—for Michael Angelo's sake! His views of art were of the highest—his authority for reference was a Divine nature; it was the principle of *truth*, which the mind recognizes from the exercise of reflection and study upon the observation of nature. He honoured the ancients, he studied their works; but his standard was presented by the light within him, and he never lowered the natural powers of the mind by acknowledging himself incapable of rising superior and becoming the master in his turn. Had he done so, he might have been a copyist all his life, but he would never have raised up a school of art.

SYNCRETIST.

Why, you are still quoting from Mr. Taylor.

EDITOR.

I am. Sir Joshua Reynolds observes that Michael Angelo possessed the most eminently poetical imagination; but if imagination lent wings to his genius, it was the philosophical study of his art and deep reflection which taught him to direct and steady its flight; and to this habit of his mind he was indebted for that perception of the sublime which was another sense to him. It has been justly remarked, that where this takes possession of a mind, it overpowers the attention to the minuter accessories of art: beauty becomes absorbed in majesty, or rather forms a part of it. "The little elegancies of art, in the presence of these great ideas, thus greatly expressed, lose all their value, and are, for the instant at least, felt to be unworthy of our notice: the correct judgement, the purity of taste, which characterize Raffaello, the exquisite grace of Correggio and Parmegiano, all disappear before them."* It is from the habit of concentrating round a fixed point the powers of his mind, that Michael Angelo exhibits the singleness of purpose which is his peculiar characteristic. All the attributes of art were to his mind but the rays to a centre of sublimity; if this rendered him deficient in a sense of the more refined attributes of grace and female beauty, of tenderness and of softness, it limited the range of his vision only to energize its intensity; "his mind lends its own power to the objects which it contemplates, instead of borrowing it from them;" and his very defects may be justly considered as in a great degree valuable as enhancing his excellencies.† "If any man," says Reynolds, "had a right to look down upon the lower ac-

* Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.

† Winkelmann gives a widely different estimate of our artist's merits. "In sculpture," says he, "the imitation of one great man—of Michael Angelo—has debauched the artists from grace. He, who valued himself upon being 'a pure intelligence,' despised all that could please humanity; his exalted learning disdained to stoop to tender feelings and lovely grace. There are poems of his published and in manuscript, that abound in meditations on sublime beauty; but you look in vain for it in his works."—(Winkelmann on Painting and Sculpture among the Greeks.)

complishments as beneath his attention, it was certainly Michael Angelo; nor can it be thought strange, that such a mind should have slighted, or have been withheld from paying due attention to all those graces and embellishments of art, which have diffused such lustre over the works of other painters." *

I have said above, that the beauty which Michael Angelo worshipped was intellectual; it was, in fact, too essentially *ideal*. But Beauty is a term of such varied use, that we must seek to understand the sense in which our Artist himself uses it, and in which it is applicable to his works. It is in the widest and most philosophical sense that he says,

"Per fido esempio alla mia vocazione,
Nascendo, mi fu data la bellezza,
Che di due arti m'è lucerna e specchio."

He everywhere speaks of Beauty—or rather, in its Platonic sense, the Beautiful—as the object of his pursuit, and personifies it under the form of a mistress whom he adores, whom he depicts in his poetry under every attribute of grace, and exhibits in his works under every form of grandeur: it was the ideal beauty of perfection, but uniformly in the garb of greatness, which filled his mind—

"And in clear dream and solemn vision
Told him of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Began to cast a beam on the outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turned it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all was made immortal."†

The Beautiful is itself an abstract idea: unrestricted to any attribute, either of grace, or gentleness, or elegance,—it embraces equally the grand, the sublime, the powerful. It is the realization of a certain preconceived excellence to the mind: all that is congruous, in proportion, in harmony—all that presents what the feeling of truth in the mind requires, is beautiful. There is an inward sense which must determine its merit, and to attain the power of judging and feeling correctly is the discipline of the mind in the *Æsthetic* school. ‡

But if we proceed to particularize and distinguish the attributes of Beauty, grace stands opposed to strength.§ The highest beauty which can be wrought out in expression we term the Divine. To convey a sentiment of lofty repose, of a dignity not raised above man's sympathy, but superior to the infirmities common to his nature,—tenderness without weakness, gentleness without softness, energy of soul undisturbed by the tumult of action, strength in the repose of its own conscious power, and above the influence of things which ruffle humanity,—in short, to unite and to harmonize all that is great and

* Sir Joshua Reynolds's Discourses.

† Comus.

‡ See Schiller, *Ueber die ästhetische Erziehung des Menschen*, and his other treatises.

§ We would by no means infer that they are incompatible. In some material points they agree: tranquillity of soul is an essential to grace, and the greatest manifestation of strength is that moral power which "lies beneath the strife of the passions." See Winkelmann's Essay on Grace, in his *Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks*, translated by Fuseli.

lovely, dignified and powerful, and to realize this concord of glories, is as near an approach to the divine as the artist can attain. Scarcely can any one man be expected to possess the fulness of power, the wide range of feeling, or to attain the varied execution, which such expression requires. We must be content to make up the sum of perfection from the collected works of those great masters, who, living at the same period, "carried the higher excellencies of the art to a greater degree of perfection than probably they ever arrived at before, and who certainly have not been equalled since." Those who occupied the highest rank in this class were undoubtedly Michael Angelo and Raffaello,—rivals in greatness in their art, equals in that greatness of mind which is proof against the taint of envy: the one possessing a greater combination of the higher qualities of the art than any other man; the other that sublimity "which, as Longinus thinks, being the highest excellence that human composition can attain to, abundantly compensates the absence of every other beauty, and atones for all deficiencies."* "Of the contemporary artists of Michael Angelo," says Roscoe, "such only are entitled to high commendation as accompanied his studies, or availed themselves of his example.† Among these appears the divine Raffaello; second to his great model only in that grandeur of design which elevates the mind, superior to him in that grace which interests the heart; endowed, if not with vigour sufficient alone to effect a reform, with talent the best calculated to promote its progress."‡

It may be objected to this explanation of the Beauty which is the theme of Michael Angelo's Muse, that it is indefinite and unsatisfactory; that it presents only a vague abstraction, in place of any clear notions of practical utility, to guide the artist and serve as his model. To this I answer, that it is not merely by defined and mechanical rules that the highest objects in art are to be attained; that the most important agents act upon the mind in secret and indirect ways: it is the developement of the germ of thought within the mind which is the origin and cause of greatness; and individuality may hence be called its essence.§ But let us distinguish the idea of the Beautiful existing in the mind, as its guide and companion in that interminable ascent towards perfection, from the ordinary acceptation in which the term

* See the parallel of the two given by Sir Joshua Reynolds in his Discourses, and that by Hazlitt in his Essay on the Fine Arts in the Encyclopædia Britannica.

† "O veramente felice et à nostra!" exclaims Vasari, "O beati artefici, chè ben così vi dovete chiamare, da che nel tempo vostro havete potuto al fonte di tanta chiarezza rischiarare le tenebrose luci degli occhi, e vedere fattovi piano tutto quello che era difficile da sì maraviglioso e singolare artefice. Certamente la gloria delle sue fatiche vi fa conoscere e honorare, da che ha tolto da voi quella benda, che avevate innanzi agli occhi della mente, sì di tenebre piena, e v'ha scoperto il vero dal falso, il quale v'adombrava l'intelletto. Ringraziate di ciò dunque il cielo, e sforzatevi d'imitare Michelagnolo in tutte le cose."

‡ Roscoe's Life of Lorenzo de' Medici.

§ It was in design that Michael Angelo was pre-eminently great. We think it is Goethe who remarks, that "in design, the soul gives utterance to some portion of her inmost being; and the highest mysteries of creation are precisely those which (as far as relates to their fundamental plan) rest entirely on design and modelling; these are the language in which she reveals them."

is used as a mere attribute of comparison applied to objects of sense. Our notions of the highest beauty, in form and expression, vary according to the constitution of the mind, its capacity for reflection, and its powers and opportunities of observation. The idea of beauty presents itself to each in the garb in which each is peculiarly adapted to appropriate it. To compare, for example, the characteristics of Michael Angelo and Raffaello: the highest ideal beauty marks the two; but how different, and in some lights how opposite, in character! In the works of Michael Angelo, and still more plainly in his poetry, there appears only the developement of one mighty and engrossing thought: the form which it assumed resulted from the peculiar constitution of his mind, the mould in which Nature had cast it. But his feeling of the sublime and grand carried his thoughts onward in a secret and measured progression, along an undeviating path, and terminated only in that Beauty which centres in the source of all perfection: however distant, it was the one star ever in his sight. I shall illustrate this point elsewhere, and will only observe further, that the greatest minds most readily feel and acknowledge the glorious truth, that "man can only learn to rise from a consideration of that which he cannot surmount."

It requires a great mind to feel the strength as well as loveliness of beauty; it was perhaps this sentiment which so penetrated the soul of Michael Angelo as to lead him to overrate its value. Softer charms are more superficial; they are easier to depict, and easier to detect: loveliness captivates, but serious graces charm; and whilst we gaze on, admire, then turn from and forget the one, we look into the other, and under the veil of mere sensual beauty penetrate to the force of soul which stamps its character, which invests it with a power at first inappreciable.* It was the principle of greatness which was ever present to the mind of Michael Angelo; he could rise to the Divine, but could never relax into mere grace: the sterner attributes of divinity were the food of his thoughts, and no stroke ever came from his pencil or his pen by chance.

"But the chief merit of this great man is not to be sought for in the remains of his pencil, nor even in his sculptures, but in the general improvement of the public taste which followed his astonishing productions. If his labours had perished with himself, the change which they effected in the opinions and the works of his contemporaries would still have entitled him to the first honours of the art. Those who from ignorance or from envy have endeavoured to depreciate his productions, have represented them as exceeding in their forms and attitudes the limits and the possibilities of nature,—as a race of beings the mere creatures of his own imagination: but such critics would do well to consider, whether the great reform to which we have alluded could have been effected by the most accurate representations of common life, and whether anything short of that ideal excellence which he only knew how to embody, could have accomplished so important a purpose. The genius of Michael Angelo was a leaven which was to

* See Winkelmann on the Painting and Sculpture of the Greeks.

operate on an immense and heterogeneous mass—the salt intended to give a relish to insipidity itself: it was therefore active, penetrating, energetic, so as not only effectually to resist the contagious effects of a depraved taste, but to communicate a portion of its spirit to all around.”*

In viewing the mind of Michael Angelo in his works and in his poetry, in following the traces of thought impressed on all that he has left behind him, we seem to be looking at the surface-mirror of a lake, whose waters, though sometimes roughened by gusts of passion, show their depth and force; whose agitation bespeaks the repose which rests beneath it, whose movement betrays the power which impels its tide. It is the human mind carried to the verge of the imagination, soaring with upward glance to the source of all greatness and excellence,—mourning in its mighty power over the distance which separates it from the goal to which it tends; restless under the sense of imperfection, yet drawing strength and vigour from the consciousness of its superiority.†

The estimation in which the Artist was held as a poet, by all the greatest men of his own and succeeding times, is shown in every possible form of panegyric. Varchi, at the suggestion of the Academy, and the desire of the Grand Duke, delivered his funeral oration; numerous Discourses were read before the Academy upon his compositions; and soon after his death a volume was published, containing forty-five poems, written upon that occasion.

Amongst much extravagant eulogy thus lavished upon him, there is enough of sound reflection to show the just appreciation in which the peculiar character of his compositions was held. Varchi terms him “*unico pittore, singolare scultore, perfettissimo architettore, eccellentissimo poeta, ad amatore divinissimo*;” and again, “*singolare nella poesia, e nella vera arte dell’ amare, la quale non è nè men bella, nè men faticosa, ma ben più necessaria e più profittevole, dell’ altre quattro [arti]*.” He elsewhere speaks as follows:—

“*Coloro che si maravigliano come ne’ componimenti di uno uomo, il quale non faccia professione nè di lettere nè di scienza, e sia tutto occupatissimo in tanti e tanto diversi esercizi, possa essere così grande profondità di dottrina ed altezza di concetti, mostrano male che conoscano o quanto possa la natura quando vuole fare uno ingegno perfetto e singolare, o che la Pittura e la Poesia sono secondo molti non tanto somigliantissime fra loro, quanto poco meno che una cosa medesima.*”‡

Why, we are now at home. Come in, and let us read together the poems of Michael Angelo.

* Roscoe’s *Life of Lorenzo de’ Medici*.

† “*And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her steadfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.*”

Speranza, in the Faery Queen, x. 14.

‡ Michael Angelo says, in his Discourse on one of Petrarca’s sonnets, “*Con queste arte della pittura ha grandissima rassomiglianza la poesia; onde da molti l’ una è stata chiamata poesia muta, e l’ altra pittura favellante: ed il vedere del continuo i pittori ed i poeti avere tra di loro intrinseca amistà (come fu quella tra Giotto e Dante, e tra ’l Petrarca e Simone da Siena) della fratellanza di quelle non è debole argomento.*”

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